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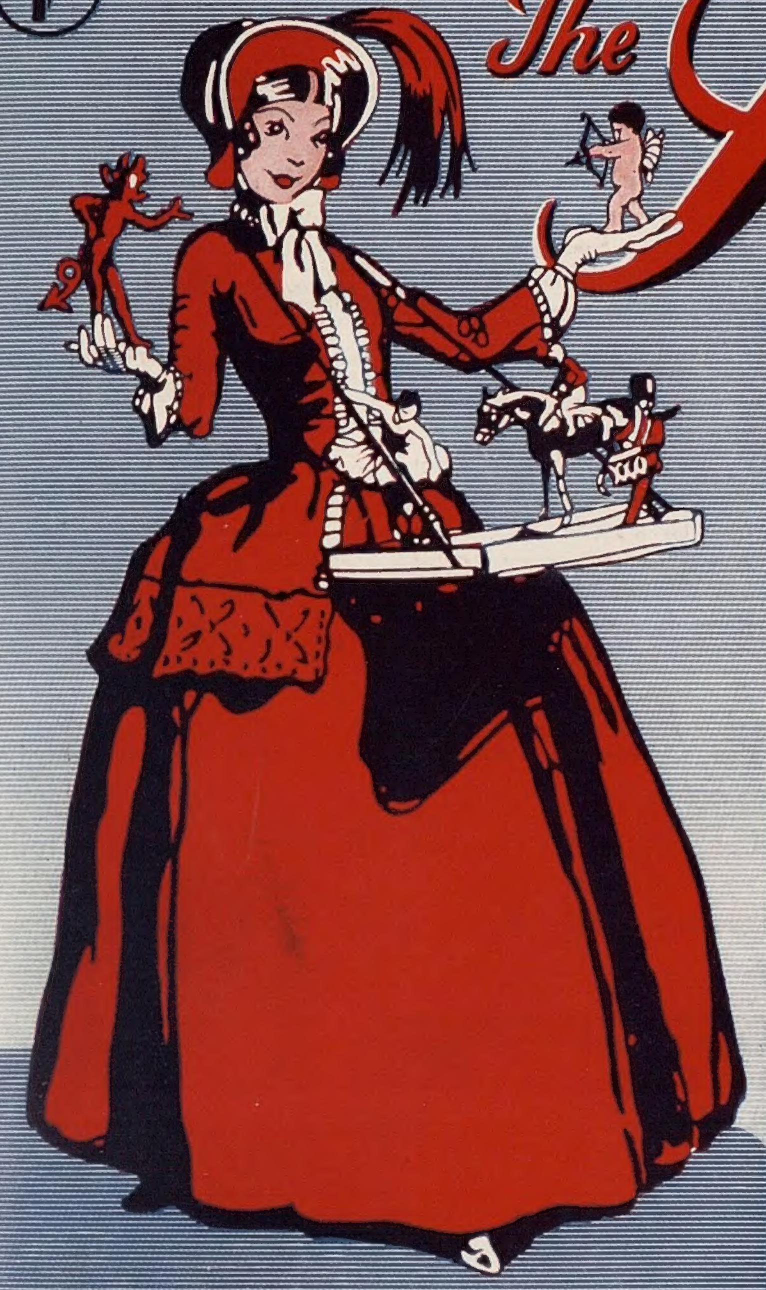

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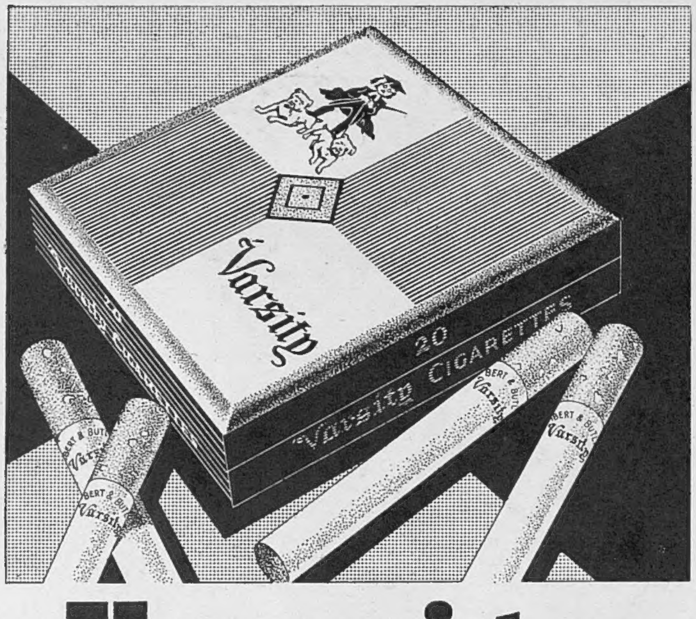
PUBLISHING OFFICE:
32 - 34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4.



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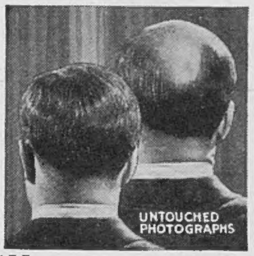

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The Sketch

No. 2329—Vol. CLXXIX. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1937. ONE SHILLING.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HOUSTON ROGERS.

"RICHARD II." AFTER "RICHARD OF BORDEAUX."

JOHN GIELGUD *began his season at the Queen's Theatre with "Richard II." We all know that "Richard of Bordeaux," which also deals with that ill-fated monarch, was one of his great successes. He is here seen with* PEGGY ASHCROFT *in the part of the Queen. The play is to be given for not fewer than eight, and not more than ten, weeks. Other photographs of the production will be found on later pages.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT.

II.—NOON.

LAST week we dwelt for a space upon that common necessity of all mankind—getting up in the morning. We are now up; let us be doing. There are some who do not need to do; but they are a small minority of the race, and in these days of unrest they are dwindling. For most of us, our mornings make up a term of penal servitude for life, with remissions for good conduct on Sundays and (if we are lucky) on Saturdays.

That being so, it is well to work off as much of the sentence as we can, as soon as we can. I am a great believer in the four-hour morning, and it is rarely that I am not to be found at my post of duty at nine o'clock punctually. You may detect a note of unctuous self-satisfaction in that last remark. I admit it; and that is one of the great advantages of the four-hour morning. It gives you a distinct sense of satisfaction, if it has been well and usefully employed, and — still more gratifying—a feeling that you have earned the right to slacken the tempo somewhat for the remainder of the day. In other words, if you like to put it so, the inherent laziness of human nature is a powerful incentive to a hard morning's work. I do not mean that you have discharged the whole duty of man by hard labour between breakfast and luncheon—few of us are as favoured as that; but it is sound strategy to feel that you have "broken the back" of the day's duty by the time the sun has reached the meridian.

100% AMERICAN GUEST: *"Say, I just can't get my teeth in this."*
ALL - BRITISH HOST: *"Gee, baby, that's tough!"*

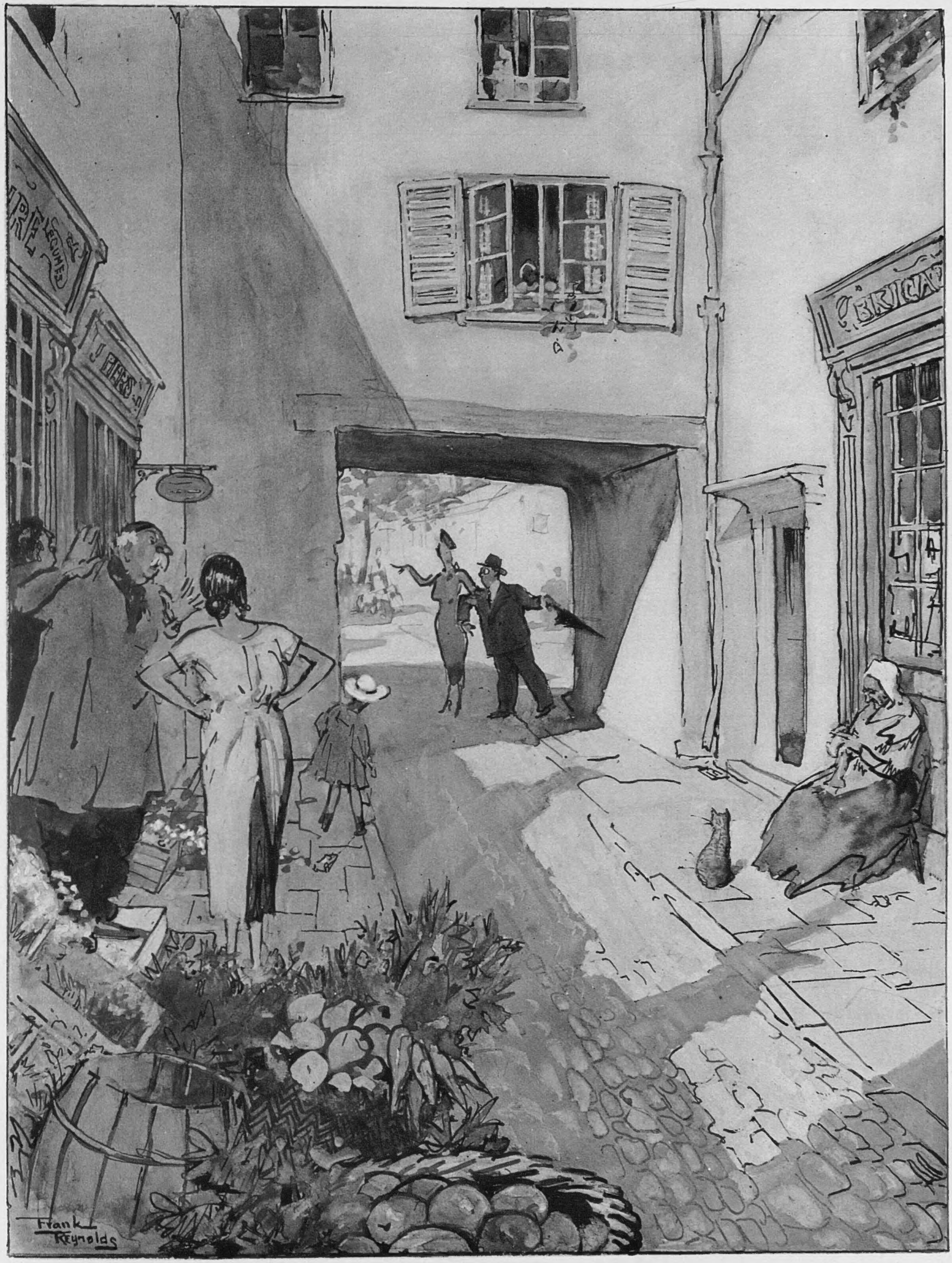
DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

I tremble for the efficiency of the nation when I hear people say that the four-hour morning is too strenuous without a "break." If a man cannot do four hours' hard work at a stretch without feeling the strain, he needs to have his sparking-plugs renewed and his valves ground in. It is, of course, different with women. It has now become a nation-wide convention that no woman can get through the morning without proteids of some kind. About eleven o'clock, a wan, grey look comes over the face of the typist; her hand shakes, her attention wanders, and she is liable at any moment to spell "accommodate" with one "m" (as all typists do until they are bullied out of it). The experienced eye can see that the morbid, vicious craving for hot milk or tea has taken possession of her. It is probably bad for her character and certainly bad for her figure, but we men are broad-minded and indulgent creatures, and we have to give in to these little feminine weaknesses. Giving in to them, indeed, is the only thing which nowadays allows us the illusion that we are the stronger sex. It is not always easy, however, to maintain the illusion in our relations with typists and secretaries—a determined race of women who frequently conceal the mailed fist under the velvet glove. And sometimes the glove is not even velvet—it is more like a boxing-glove.

The morning, then, for willing toil, without any artificial stimulant—or, at the very most (shall we say ?), a bottle of stout and a dozen oysters. But in this matter of the Trade Union day, not only persons, but nations, differ widely. The American "executive" never ceases to marvel, with feelings sometimes of superiority and sometimes of envy, at the English business man who works from ten o'clock (often very liberally interpreted) until five o'clock, and then trots off to the Club for a game of bridge, and who would never dream of doing a stroke of work between Friday evening and Monday morning. Such an one is a mere drone in the eyes of a man who begins his telephoning and his correspondence in his bed and even in his bath, who has no time to eat his meals like a human being, no time even to shave (though, curiously enough, he has time to spend about an hour in a barber's shop on his way to the office), and, in fact, no time for anything all day long, being under ceaseless bombardment from a battery of telephones and a host of typists, secretaries, and sub-executives.

We, in our backward island, are quite incapable of this pace; and our more leisurely gait gets us the reputation of being a lazy nation. Sometimes my experience, limited though it is, of commercial methods tempts me to think that there is some justice in the charge, and though we may be very superior about American "hustle," I often wonder whether we do not need a little more pep and a little less self-satisfaction if we are going to keep our place in the world. And yet I suppose it is true (and I have often heard Americans say so) that, on any morning of the week, there is as much actually accomplished in the City of London as in New York. The difference between the two places is perhaps only a difference of convention, or, if you like, of pose. In America, the pose is that you must, at all costs, *seem* busy, whether you are or not; even if you have nothing to telephone about or to dictate, you must still telephone and dictate. And, of course, if there is anything to be done, you must talk a great deal about it (preferably in the form of "conferences") before you attempt to get on with it. In England, the pose is that everything is rather a bore, that nothing is really worth making a fuss about, and that it is undignified to be in a hurry, even if the house is on fire. Both are fairly harmless, though sometimes irritating, poses, and I do not think it behoves either nation to be sniffy about the other's little foibles.

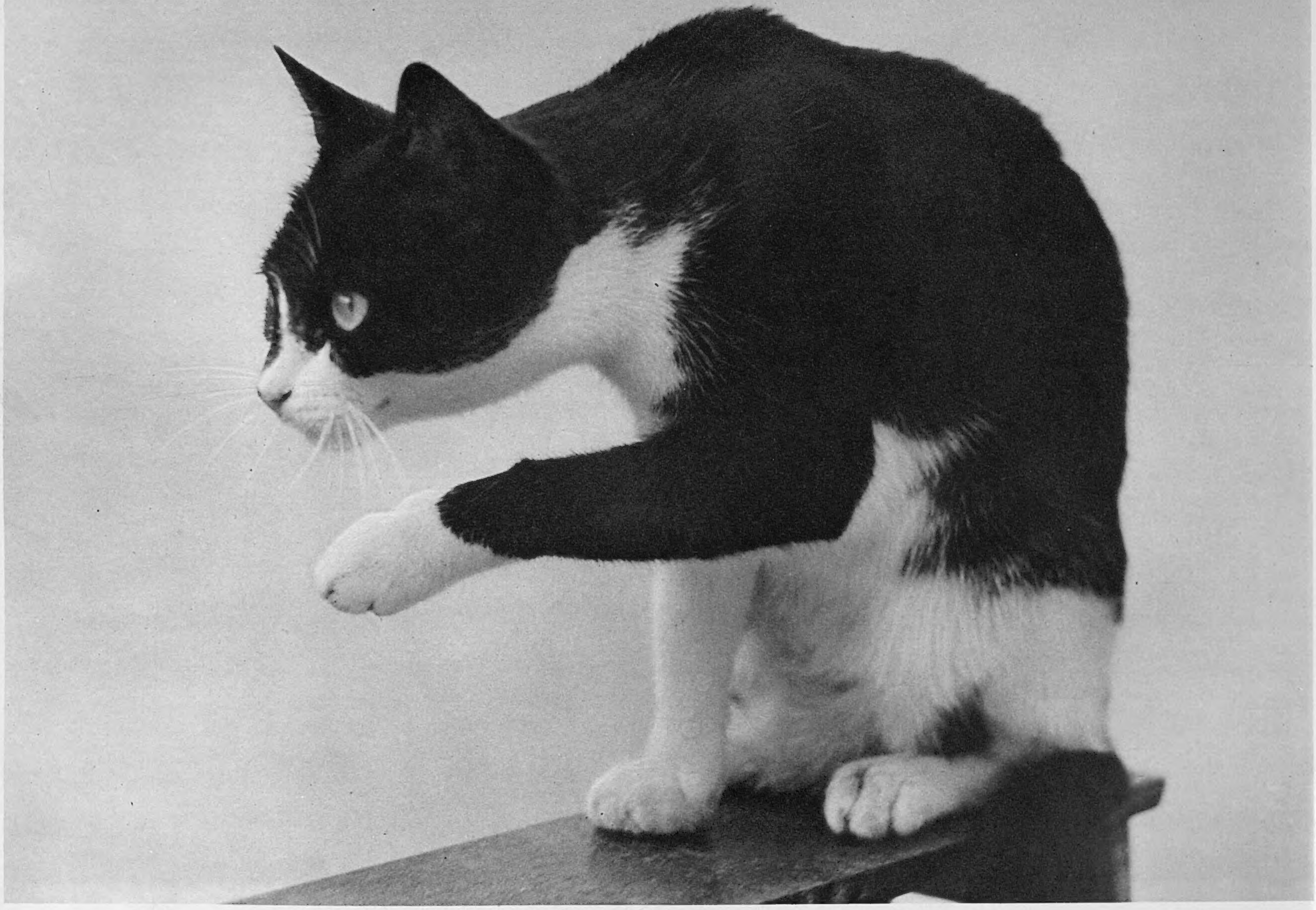
Another curious thing about the Englishman is that, his morning's work done, he takes off an appreciable amount of time to consume his luncheon—instead of getting it, in a congealed and nauseating form, out of a machine, and bolting it, standing up, amid the most demoniac clatter that ever afflicted human ears. There was a time when the City man began his luncheon at one o'clock, with mulligatawny, and ended it at three o'clock, with port and Stilton. This form of lingering suicide has declined. Nowadays, I notice, nobody ever "takes anything for luncheon." A good many of the banters and reducers have sincere motives, and a good many others of them are just liars. At all events, when I am lunching with them, either as host or guest, they seem to tuck into the carbohydrates rather heartily. Personally, I make no secret of the fact that after my four-hour morning I need my luncheon, and if it contains some light but sustaining refreshment—say, steak - and - kidney or roly-poly—then my spirit is willing, though my flesh may sometimes be weak.



THE BRISTLEWOODS.

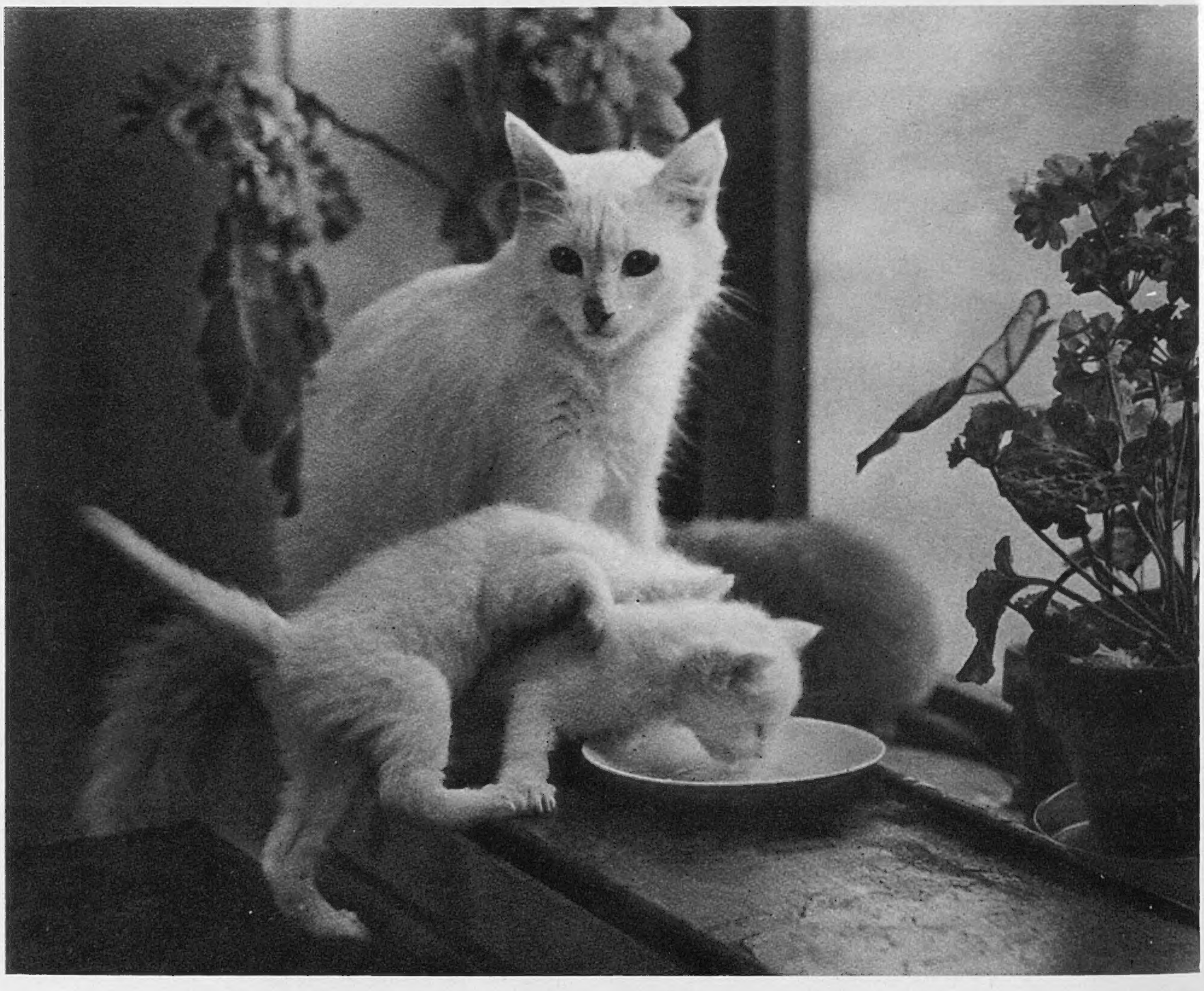
Mr. and Mrs. Bristlewood retire after a struggle with the language.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



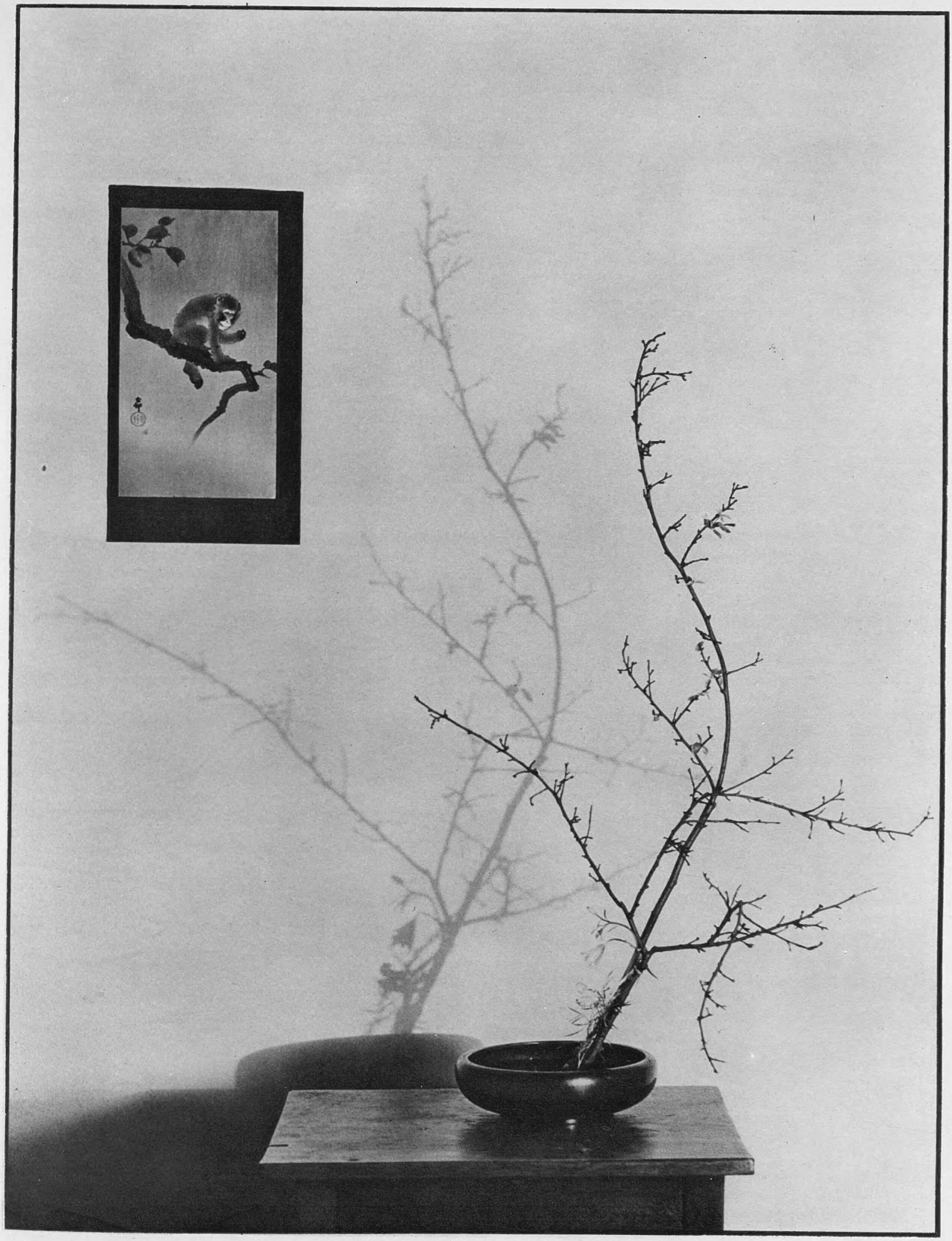
"AN UNINTERRUPTED WASH."
By Alan Cocking, F.R.P.S.

THE CAT IN ALL HER ELEGANCE.



"MONOPOLY."
By Mrs. Emme Gerhard.

PHOTOGRAPHS ON VIEW AT THE R.P.S. EXHIBITION, AT 35, RUSSELL SQUARE, W.C.I.



" JAPANESQUE." — *By William G. Houskeeper.*

THE FAR EAST FOR WESTERN WALLS.

FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE 82ND ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN, AT 35, RUSSELL SQUARE, W.C. I.

RUSSIA AND THE FAR EAST — ALLIES AT COVENT GARDEN DURING THE LITTLE SEASON.

IRINA BARONOVA, *who is now appearing at Covent Garden with the de Basil Ballets Russes, and her* KITTEN. *She had a tremendous ovation on the first night, especially after her pas de deux with Paul Petroff in "Aurora's Wedding." Like all the other ballerinas, she has come back from her holidays very sunburnt, and the colour of her back is the envy of many members of the audience who, in spite of strenuous work, have not been so successful in their tanning.*

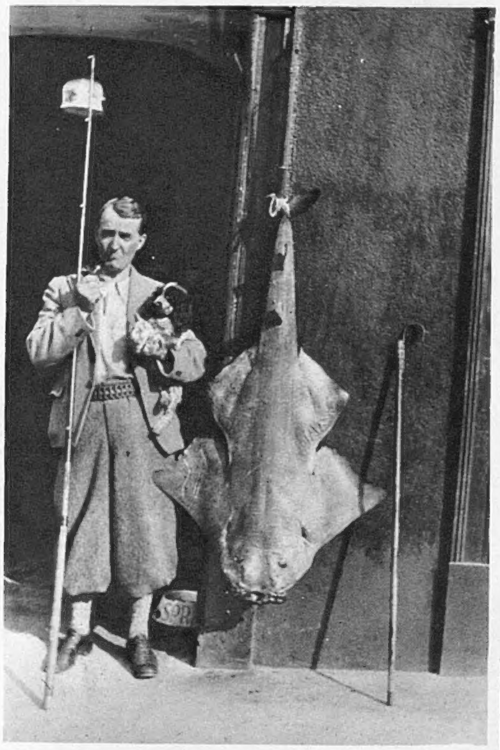
Below: SONA OSATO *is a beautiful Japanese who is a member of the de Basil Ballets Russes.*

MARLENE GOES TYROLEAN, BUT NOT DIRNDL.

With the growth of the craze for the handkerchief tied under the chin, dirndl *fashion, to which the whole of feminine Europe has succumbed, it is quite a relief to see that so glamorous a personality as* MARLENE DIETRICH *has not fallen to this vogue, but has adopted the costume of a Tyrolean youth, which is most becoming to her figure, but might have disastrous effects if universally worn by those who are less* svelte. *Her British film, "Knight Without Armour," will shortly be produced here.*

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

UP to the present, I have heard only of one tunny caught by a lady angler this season. Mrs. K. Sutcliffe succeeded in landing a tunny of 644 lb. in 2 hours 40 minutes, while her husband spent 8½ hours on a fish weighing 5 lb. more. However, off Nova Scotia, the world's record for women anglers has been broken twice this season within two days—so I am informed by my friend Mr. Thomas Aitken, of New York. On Aug. 23, Mrs. Earl Potter, of New York, killed a tunny of 757 lb. in 2 hours 10 minutes, beating the previous record of 749 lb. held by Mrs. Faith Locke Low. Mrs. Potter did not have the satisfaction of holding the record for long, for on the following day Mrs. William Chisholm, of Cleveland, Ohio, killed a tunny of 760½ lb. in 50 minutes. This is very rapid work, and when one considers how some fish fight for hours before they are subdued, it is rather perplexing to account for these speedy captures. As far as one can judge, it is not a question of skilful angling, as many experienced anglers have had very long fights with tunny. There is a possibility that much depends on where the tunny is hooked, and if the explanation is not to be found here, then one can only assume that some fish are more active fighters than others.



Mr. W. W. Hewetson caught this RECORD MONK-FISH, *weighing 52 lb., near the Scotsman's Bonnet, Westport, Co. Mayo.*

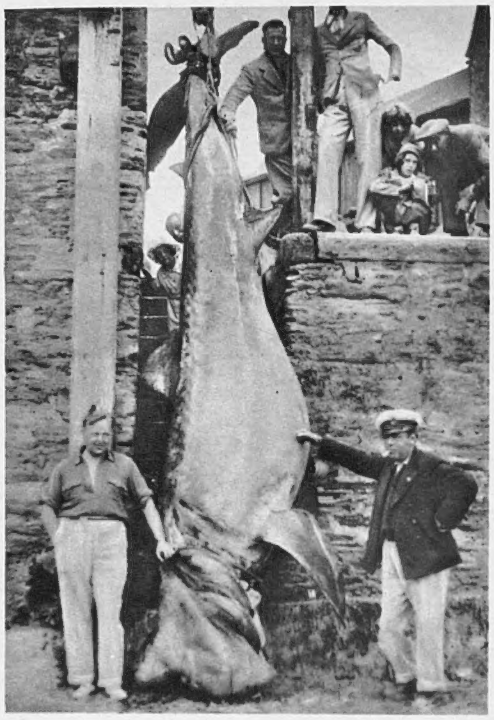
Squatina Squatina.

This is the scientific name for the queer-looking angel-fish, or monk-fish, which appears to be a link between the sharks and the rays — though in closer affinity to the former, according to the ichthyologists. The reason being, in simple scientific language, that in the lateral positions of the gill-openings, structure of the pterygoquadrate cartilage, hyomandibular, hyoid and pectoral arch, and arrangement of the cartilaginous supports of the pectoral, a close relationship to the *Squalidæ* is evident. The *Squalidæ*, by the way, includes various sharks, from the piked dog-fish to the monster Greenland shark. These comments about *Squatina* are just to introduce some news I have had from Mr. Wm. W. Hewetson, of Westport, Co. Mayo. On Aug. 14 he wrote informing me that Mr. W. G. K. Griffiths, of Wolverhampton, had caught in Clew Bay, on rod and line, two monk-fish, 48 lb. and 47 lb., thus beating Mr. Hewetson's previous record of 47 lb. for Clew Bay, where only seven monk-fish have been caught since records have been kept. On the 23rd Mr. Hewetson wrote again, stating that he had gone one better, and landed a monk-fish of 52 lb. This fish, which now stands as the record—for the British Isles also, I believe—was caught near the Scotsman's Bonnet, Westport, where Mr. Griffiths caught his two monk-fish.

Two BIG MONK-FISH, *weighing 47 lb. and 48 lb. respectively, were caught on rod and line in Clew Bay, Co. Mayo, by Mr. W. G. K. Griffiths, of Wolverhampton.*

Catching Basking Sharks.

Harpooning basking sharks is becoming quite a popular pastime. Last year, yachting parties off the west coast of Scotland harpooned some sharks, and some months ago Dr. Deiter accounted for several large ones. On Aug. 23, Mr. Rawlinson, an English angler who visits Ballycotton every year for sea-fishing, had the opportunity to use the harpoon which he always takes with him on the off-chance of seeing a shark within range. He managed to harpoon a basking shark, which towed the boat for half an hour before it was exhausted. The shark was over 11 ft. in length and weighed 15 cwt. A much larger one, 17 ft. 9 in. in length and weighing approximately 38 cwt., was harpooned by Mr. F. S. Short, of the well-known firm of Short Brothers, seaplane builders, Rochester, while he was on holiday at Padstow. This was on Aug. 27, and the motor pinnace from which the shark was harpooned was towed for five hours, covering a distance of 18 miles, before the shark was sufficiently tired to be secured and towed into Padstow harbour. These huge sharks, which grow to a length of 40 ft. or more, cannot be caught on rod and line, as, like the whalebone whales, they exist on minute forms of food strained from the water through their gill-rakers. Apart from any damage they might cause, owing to their bulk, by bumping into and upsetting a boat, or by accidentally injuring anyone with their tail or other fins, the basking sharks are harmless. One can well believe there is a thrill in being towed by one of these monsters, though their capture can hardly be considered in a sporting light. In addition, I think I am right in saying that, from the commercial aspect, they are of little value.



For five hours this 17-ft. BASKING SHARK *towed a motor pinnace from which Mr. F. S. Short had harpooned it.*

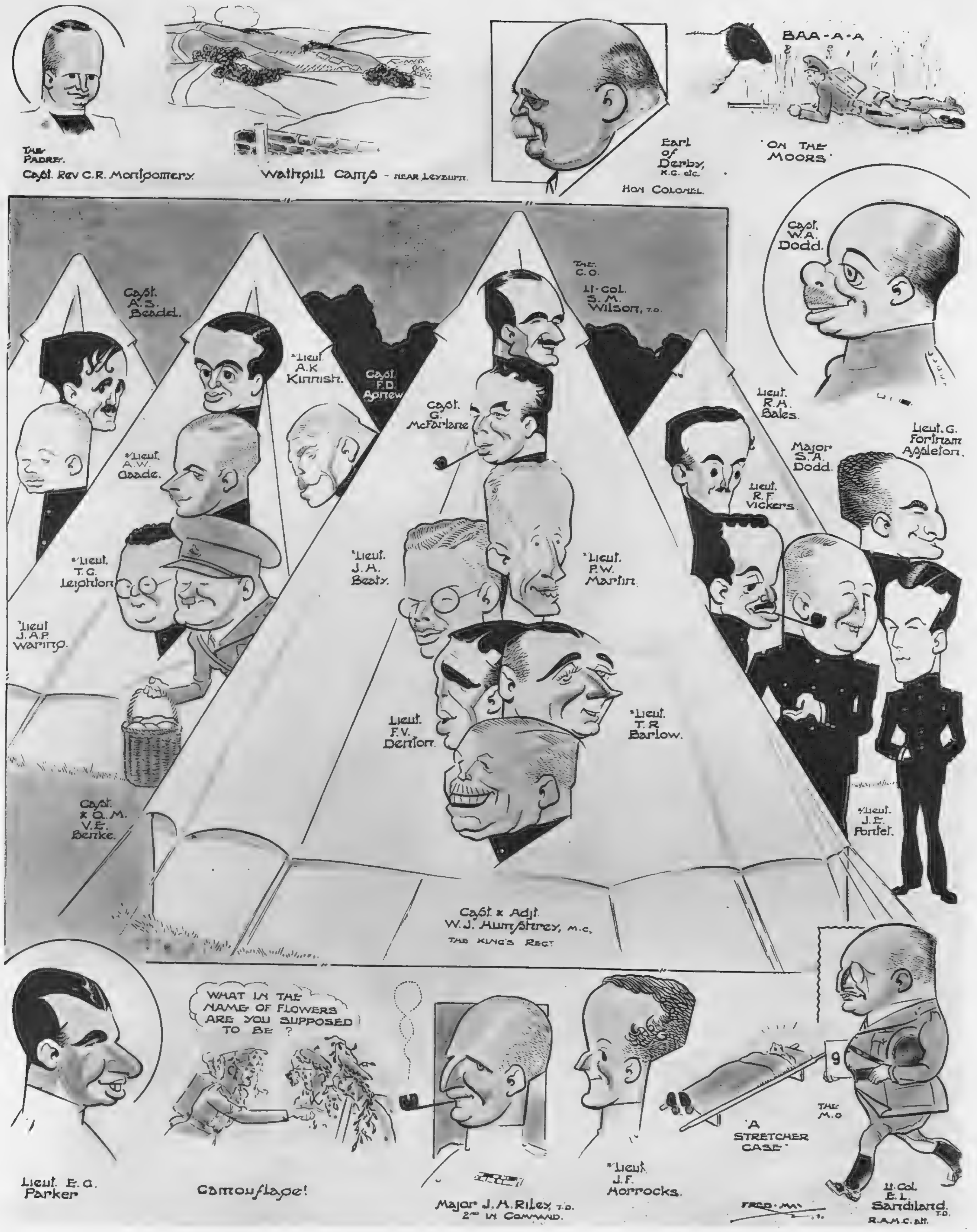
I HAVE HEARD THAT—

Mr. P. A. George caught the heaviest trout taken in Blagdon Lake this season. It weighed 5 lb. 2 oz., and was a brown trout. Another brown trout of 4 lb. 11 oz. was also caught in the last week of August by Mr. Candy, and this fish is the heaviest caught from the bank.

Very good sport with bass has been had at Coverack. Mr. and Mrs. Williamson have had up to twenty fish, including several over 5 lb. and up to 8 lb.

R. L. MARSTON.

The Editor of "The Sketch" is always pleased to consider, with a view to publication, readers' photographs of fishing subjects suitable for use not only in this article, but in other positions in "The Sketch." All photographs sent on approval should be very fully titled, should bear the name and address of the sender, and should be addressed to the Editor of "The Sketch," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Any photograph used will be paid for at our usual rates.



THE "OLD FIRST."

Affectionately known to many Liverpudlians as the "Old First," the 5TH BATTALION THE KING'S (LIVERPOOL) REGIMENT *is Lancashire's oldest Territorial unit and the third oldest in the whole kingdom. Formed by a Liverpool cotton broker, Mr. N. G. P. Bousfield, in 1852, out of a drilling and shooting club, it received War Office sanction in 1859. The battalion has always had an Earl of Derby for its honorary colonel, the present Lord Derby being the fourth in succession. It was mobilised in 1914 and went to France in 1915, where, first, as part of the 2nd Division, and, later, as part of the famous 55th Division, it played its part in all the important battles from then until the end of the war, and received many decorations for gallantry, including a V.C. Fred May's drawings were made at the annual camp.*

POST FESTIVAL.

Some of the Salzburg Festival—and after—guests entertained by Mme. von Hoffmanstahl at Schloss Kammer, her attractive place on Lake Attersee, outside Salzburg, were (l. to r.) MAESTRO ARTURO TOSCANINI, *still glowing from the successful season;* ELEANORA VON MENDELSSOHN, *and* MRS. BRUNO FRANCK, *wife of the novelist.*

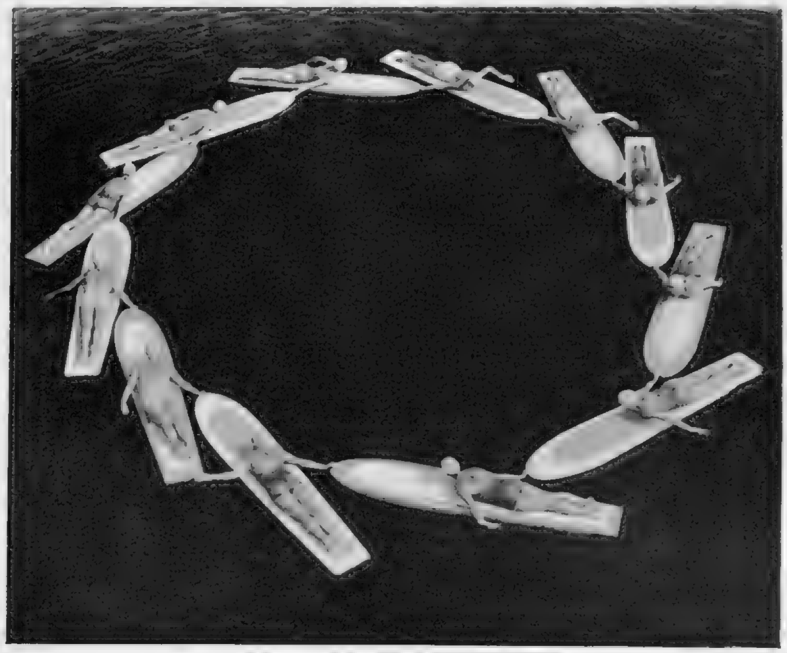
A lazy hour or so was spent like this by PRINCESS FAUCIGNY-LUCINGE *and* MME. RALLI.

Little PRINCESS SYLVIA OBOLENSKY, *daughter of Mme. von Hoffmanstahl, in the silver waters of the lake.*

MME. VON HOFFMANSTAHL *is fond of taking her skiff out on Lake Attersee.*

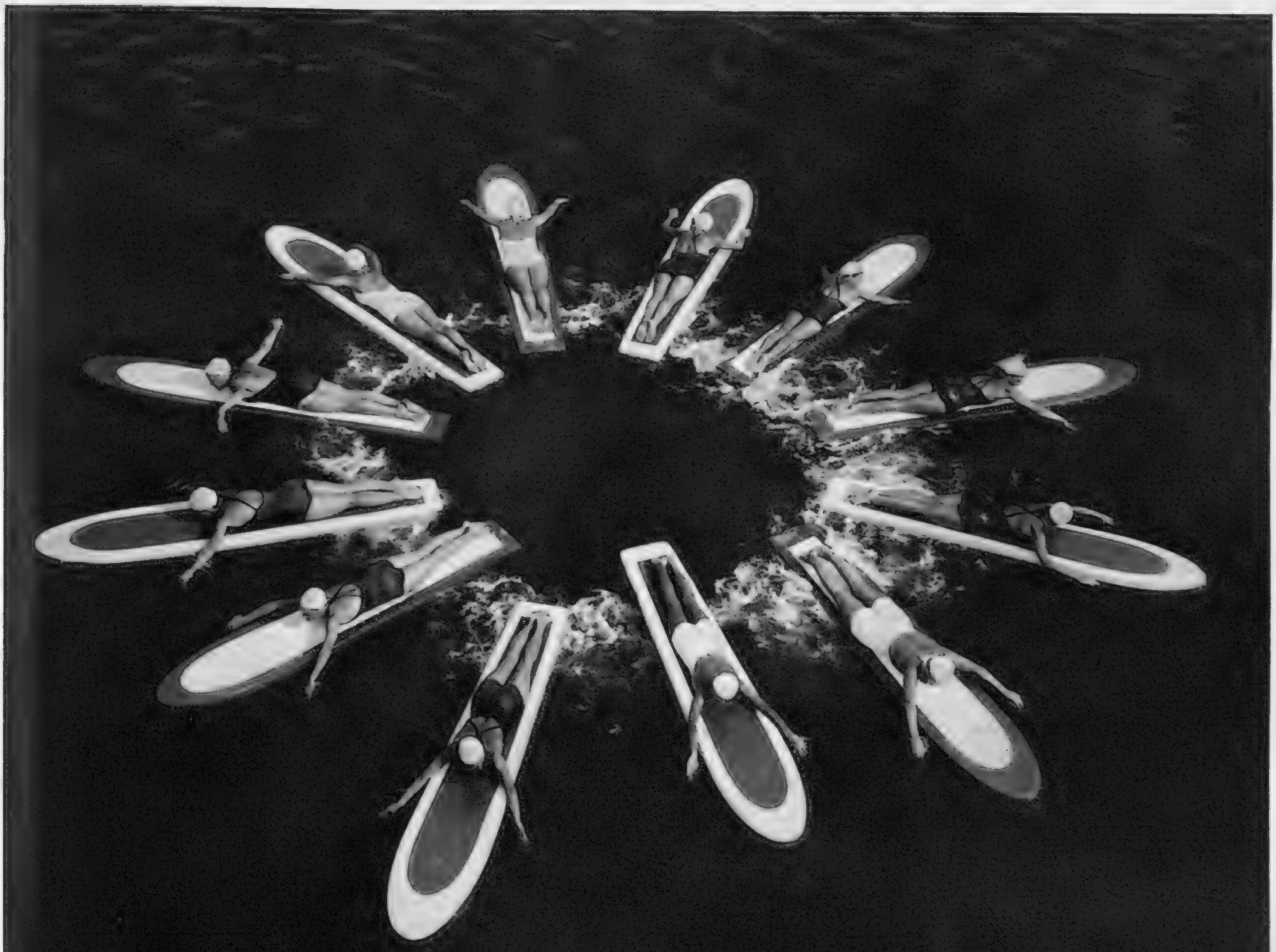
Left: ELEANORA VON MENDELSSOHN *in Tyrolean dress.*

Right: Author CECIL BEATON *"aboard the lugger." His long-looked-for "Scrap Album" is published to-day, the 15th. He leaves for New York very soon.*



SURF-BOARD BALLET — ON JONES BEACH.

These watery evolutions on surf-boards—newest form of "ballet"—take place on one of New York's famous playgrounds, Jones Beach. The water ballets have been a craze at Jones Beach for some years, beginning with a simple water-waltz, and gradually developing from formation swimming to surf-boards. The pictures have a great suggestion of our old friend the kaleidoscope.



IN THE COUNTRY OF THE

COMTE GUY DU BOURG DE BOZAS *gave a garden-party at the Polo Club. Watching the game were* MR. MACWILLIAMS, *the United States Consul, whose house is one of the finest in the district,* MISS TILLA HARVEY, MRS. BODLEY, MRS. MACWILLIAMS, *and* MRS. FRED BEAUMONT.

M. CHARLES DE YTURBE *and his youngest sister,* MLLE. THÉRÈSE YTURBE, *on the first tee at Chiberta. Their family, which is Mexican, is very well known in Paris. Their eldest sister is the wife of Señor Juan Larivière.*

The lovely SEÑORA LARIVIÈRE, *owner of a villa at Biarritz, was watching by the first tee at Chiberta. She is the wife of the First Secretary at the Argentine Embassy in Paris.*

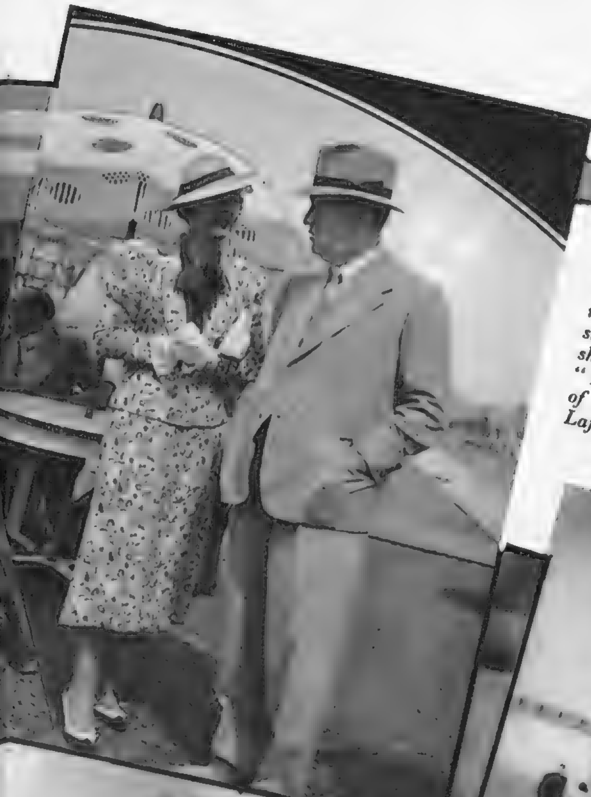
On a cool morning, MISS VERONICA DALGLEISH *and* MR. FRED BEAUMONT *were rather fully clothed for the beach, she en route for a lunch-party. Miss Dalgleish and her sister, Patricia, are amongst the most popular ex-debs. They commute between Eaton Square and Newmarket. The Beaumonts own a villa at Biarritz.*

At her attractive Villa Malika, sunburnt and smiling, has been Lord Selby, Norman

A shot from the wall of the Chambre d'Amour: MRS. SYDNEY TILLOTSON *and her brother-in-law,* MR. RALPH HANKÉ, *go riding most mornings, and call at the Chambre d'Amour for a refresher.*

MME. D'ARTEMART, MISS SHELAGH MORRISON-BELL, *and* MRS. HAROLD KINGSLAND *about to play a three-ball at Chiberta. Miss Morrison-Bell is the elder daughter of Sir Clive Morrison-Bell, Bt.*

BASQUE: SOCIALITES AT BIARRITZ.



MR. JOHN MOFFAT and MRS. LOEWENSTEIN, the Belgian-born widow of Captain Alfred Loewenstein, who was "Loew" to Leicestershire, and mother of polo-player "Bobby." Mr. Moffat is the owner of the historic château Chavagnac-Lafayette, in the Haute Loire.

MRS. CHARLES GERARD, of Wrightington, with MR. and MRS. HUBERT WESTON, of New York. The Westons are to stay with Mrs. Balcon (née Millicent Rogers) in Italy. Mrs. Gerard is the wife of Colonel Charles Gerard, late Grenadier Guards, the Squire of Wrightington.

near Biarritz: ALICE DELYSIA, entertaining a house-party including Hartnell, and others.

The new COUNTESS OF JERSEY at the Chambre d'Amour. As Virginia Cherrill, she will be remembered as Charlie Chaplin's leading lady in "City Lights."

The happy couple in the sea are DIANA BEAUMONT, young screen and stage actress, and MR. JOHN BARTER, her husband. Diana played her first lead in "After October," and is snatching a holiday before another play. She is a niece of Lady du Maurier. Mr. Barter is the nephew of the late General Sir Charles Barter.

MR. and MRS. MAX AUSNIT were with a large party of friends at the Bourg de Bozas' garden-party. He is a Rumanian oil magnate, and she has the reputation of being the best-dressed woman in Rumania.

LADY CECIL and MR. "CHARLIE" VON SCHWEDLER, who are members of Mrs. O'Malley-Keyes' house-party at Castel Meretmont, were, perhaps, "over-dressed" for sun-bathing, but had been to church before.

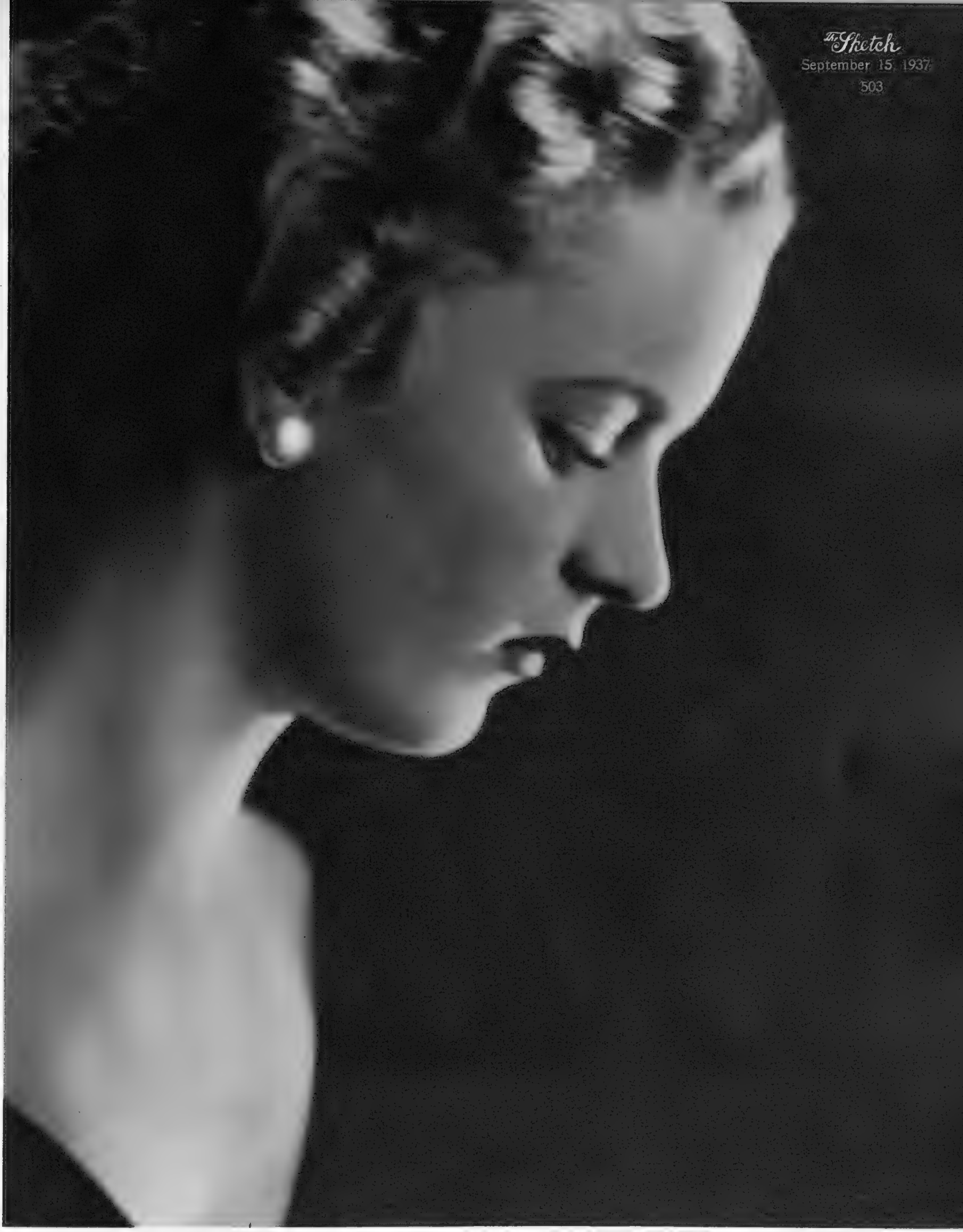
ON THE "CREST OF THE WAVE"— AT LIDGETT GREEN.

IVOR NOVELLO, *deviser, author, and composer of "Crest of the Wave," at Drury Lane, enjoying the sun on the terrace of The Red House, Lidgett Green, Berkshire.*

Ivor Novello tries to pull J. Rose, not to mention Lilian Braithwaite, into the swimming-pool; while Bobbie Arthur, Leonard Upton, and Keneth Kent look on.

Nothing is more refreshing than a good swim after the exertions of authorship and acting and composing.

Right: IVOR NOVELLO, *truly now at the crest of the wave of his career, dives into "Crest of the Wave" at Lidgett Green.*



PHOTOGRAPH BY HAY WRIGHTSON.

PROFILE OF THE LADY BETTY MONTAGU.

LADY BETTY MONTAGU, *charmingly pretty and just twenty, is the younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Sandwich. Her parents took a house in London for the season, so she has been seen about a great deal, and is very popular. Her brothers are Lord Hinchingbrooke, who married a daughter of Major Ralph Peto, and the Hon. Drogo Montagu, who is married to Lord Beaverbrook's daughter.*

TALES WITH A STING.

STRANGE SALVATION.

By BARBARA CARTLAND.

(BEING OUR SHORT STORY.)*

A BITTER little wind whistled its way down the Rue de Rivoli, and Sara drew her mink coat closer around her slim body, framing her face in the huge collar, until her dark eyes and tip-tilted little nose were all the casual passer-by could see of her loveliness. Serge, however, seemed quite satisfied; he drew her arm through his, and they continued their leisurely walk, staring into the small, enticing shops.

"How attractive we look," Sara thought, catching a glimpse of herself in the back mirror of a book-shop. "A handsome couple indeed—one might almost say beautiful. And I am Madame la Princesse. I wonder if I shall ever get used to being called 'Your Highness.'"

Ecstatically, she turned her face towards her husband. "Darling," she said, "I am so happy."

Before he could answer, his attention was distracted, there was a croaking, hoarse voice at his elbow. "Monsieur mon capitaine, please look . . . postcards of beautiful girls . . . ten francs, monsieur."

A little man in a threadbare coat of green tweed thrust his horrid wares under Serge's nose, furtively glancing over his shoulder, more from habit than fear. Sara moved on in disgust, but to her surprise, the sharp refusal she expected Serge to utter was not spoken. For an instant he hesitated, and then, drawing out his note-case he extracted a hundred-franc note. He gave it to the vendor, waved aside the proffered postcards and the almost incoherent thanks, then followed his wife.

"Really, darling!" Sara's voice was almost shrill. "Are you wise to encourage such men? I should have thought you would have been disgusted by . . ." she hesitated for the right word.

". . . by dirty postcards?" Serge said, finishing her sentence.

"Exactly," Sara snapped at him. One could see in her at the moment a striking resemblance to her father, who had made a fortune out of tinning salmon.

"They saved my life," Serge said gently, and his face took on that suffering look of retrospection which had first attracted Sara's attention, before she even knew he was a Prince.

"It 's not right that any man should look so unhappy," she had remarked to her companion and chaperon, an unimaginative matron from Wyoming. "But he 's beautiful in his sorrow . . . just like a saint being martyred."

"Very likely got indigestion," Mrs. Leo W. Gotes suggested. "The food here is too rich, anyway."

But Sara had not listened. She had met Serge, which was not difficult; he was often in the Ritz Bar of an evening—who isn't, in Paris? And then she knew.

"He is a Russian," she told Mrs. Leo W. Gotes. "A Russian refugee. Of course he has suffered, and is still suffering, turned out of his palace and having to fly for his life."

"I should have thought he would be glad to be alive," that unimaginative lady remarked. But Sara scornfully ignored her interruption.

"Flying from the Bolsheviks, his mother and father killed before his eyes, his house burnt down. Oh! I can understand the agony of his soul."

"And the emptiness of his pockets," said Mrs. Leo W. Gotes, remembering for the first time that she was supposed to be chaperoning Sara.

It was, however, too late, and much to her distress Serge and Sara were married ten days later. Sara was in the seventh heaven of delight: she was a Princess, the wife of the best-looking man she had ever seen, and the recipient of much rapturous love-making, for Serge was really in love with her.

They had their little differences, of course. Sara was too American and Serge too Russian for the two to be in any way placidly happy. Both were autocratic in their own way, and both inclined to be intolerant. But the moments of reconciliation were worth all the misery and unhappiness with which they tortured each other when they disagreed.

Yet, strangely enough, Sara felt at a disadvantage when one of these little tiffs arose. Serge had a way, after a passionate outburst, of withdrawing into himself, of becoming reserved in an almost regal manner which made her feel cheap and unimportant. She almost dreaded her impetuosity which drove them at unexpected moments to hot words, and it was perhaps fear of this that made her say now, in a far more gentle manner than she would have in the past:

"What do you mean, they saved your life?"

"Let me tell you," Serge said gently, and taking her arm he drew her towards a little café, with its tables spread invitingly on the pavement.

They sat down, and Serge ordered two "*fines*" from the waiter and then, without waiting for them to arrive, started on his story.

"I was in St. Petersburg," he said, "in my own home, and it was about a week after the revolution had started. Already I had been driven from the house in the country where, as you know, my father and mother were murdered. I was in hiding, and at the same time I was trying desperately to collect one or two treasures which would enable me to bribe my way to the frontier.

"I was hidden there by a few of the servants, who were too old or too loyal to leave. Nevertheless, I had, I suppose stupidly, a sense of security once I was inside the familiar walls of the house I had known since childhood. I had a good dinner and retired to bed in my own room. A stupid action, you might say, but it never occurred to me at the time to sleep anywhere else.

"I was awakened by the sound of rough words and brutal voices, and the doors of the room were burst open by a band of revolutionary soldiers. I sat up in bed, staring at them with wide, terrified eyes. They were obviously slightly surprised to see me there, and then, while the sergeant in charge uttered the order for my arrest, an old servant who had originally been maid to my mother came into the room.

"She started to scold me, and after a moment or two I realised that she was trying to save me. I was her son, she told the soldiers, and I was daring to desecrate the master's bed by taking it for myself. Half-doubtfully they listened to her.

"'We 'll take him along and find out for certain,' the sergeant said. 'If he is not your son there is a very good punishment for his crime, both for him and you too.'

"They started to drag me from the bed towards the door, and then, suddenly, an idea came to me. I do not know why, but it was just a strange, perhaps providential, impulse which made me remember what lay in a broad drawer of the inlaid and ivory writing-table which stood at the other end of the room. It was years since I had opened that particular drawer. In it lay a collection of objets d'art, pictures, postcards and cartoons I had collected in my college days. They were all improper, with a crude humour which I had long grown too old for, but somehow something within told me that they might be my salvation.

"I started to talk; I abused the masters of the house. 'I 'll show you what they were like, these men I was brought up to respect,' I said, and with coarse laughter and coarser words I indicated the drawer.

"They pulled it open. They looked, first in surprise, and then, large, greedy hands stretched out, and a few moments later, roaring with laughter, chuckling at what they found, they left the house, leaving me behind. They even ignored the priceless treasures—the collection of many generations—which were worth untold money in any other country. They had got the type of loot they appreciated.

"Twenty-four hours later I had crossed the frontier. I was safe, but that I was alive at all was due entirely to one thing, the 'dirty postcards' I had collected when I was a student."

Over the red-and-white checked tablecloth, Sara put out her hands towards Serge.

"Darling," she said. "Let us go back and give that man another hundred francs from me as a thank-offering."—THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

THE ART OF THE CAMERA—IN LONDON NOW.

"WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE."—*By E. Heimann.*

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH EXHIBITED AT THE TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 5A, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.I.

"HIKING."—*By G. L. Hawkins.*

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH EXHIBITED AT THE TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 5A, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1.

"GYPSY."—*By Roye.*

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH EXHIBITED AT THE TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 5A, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1.

"DAWN."—*By Rosalind Maingot.*

"PEARLS."—*By A. B. de la Vergne.*

"POISE."—*By Rosalind Maingot.*

"SUMMER."—*By Dr. Max Thorek.*

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPHS EXHIBITED AT THE TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 5A, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1.

THRILLS AND GAIETY ON THE SCREEN.

JANET GAYNOR *as Esther Blodgett,* FREDRIC MARCH *as Norman Maine, and* ELIZABETH JENNS *as Anita Regis in "A Star is Born," now at the Tivoli. This tells of Esther's rise to fame as a film star under the name of Vicki Lester, her marriage to Norman, and his jealousy of her greater success.*

Esther Blodgett, now the famous film star, Vicki Lester, watching over the drunken slumbers of her husband.

A scene from "Edge of the World," at the New Gallery, a film dealing with the slow death of one of the lonely Outer Isles of Scotland. NIALL MACGINNIS *is here shown with* BELLE CHRYSTALL. *They play the part of lovers united after many vicissitudes.*

ISABEL JEWELL, MAYO METHOT, BETTE DAVIS, ROSALIND MARQUIS *and* LOLA LANE *as the hostesses of a night-club, in "Marked Woman," who sacrifice their own careers to break up a gangster racket. Bette Davis plays the "Marked Woman," who is innocently involved in a murder.—At the Regal.*

BEN BERNIE, ALICE FAYE *(as Alice Huntley), and* WALTER WINCHELL *in "Wake Up and Live," now at the Gaumont-Haymarket. Walter Winchell, America's famous columnist, and Ben Bernie, the famous dance-band leader, are seen as* THEMSELVES *in the picture, which deals with Eddie Kane, his "mike fright," and how he overcame it.*

BING CROSBY, MARY CARLISLE, *and* ANDY DEVINE *in "Double or Nothing," at the Carlton Theatre. It is a gay romance concerning the efforts of four of the characters to win a million dollars through a freak will left by an eccentric millionaire.*

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

Here is MISS ANN BARLOW *with the* HON. WILLIAM BETHELL, *younger son of Lord and Lady Bethell, whose engagement was announced the other day. She is the daughter of Major R. G. Barlow, of The Holt, Ledbury, Herefordshire, and of Mrs. Barlow, of 33, Queen's Gate, S.W.*

THE St. Leger Meeting, one of the glories of the autumn season, was particularly successful this year. To begin with, the weather was delightful—bright sunshine tempered with fresh breezes—and it seemed to put everyone in a good temper and enabled the women to wear their gayest clothes, with furs to give an added touch of sumptuousness. The hats, too, were most amusing, especially the ones with very high crowns rising from twisted bands of two colours, and long veils floating at the back, which suggested the mediæval hennin.

The Princess Royal was present on the first day of the meeting, but Lord Lascelles did not turn up until Leger day, and then with his arm in a sling, and he was not the only casualty present! First of all, there was Lady Fitzwilliam, who alarmed her friends by appearing in an electrically-propelled wheeled chair. She had slipped on the stand at the Manchester races and cut her knee rather badly. It had to be plastered up and bandaged, and to save using it too much she decided to go about in the chair. It was wonderful to see the speed with which she trundled herself along from the Fitzwilliam box to the paddock. Another casualty was Lady Stavordale, who had her wrist (which she had sprained) in a bandage and sling, and finally the Mayor of Doncaster injured his arm and had to go about with it in a sling.

LADY CLIFFORD *and her youngest daughter,* "ATALANTA," *at the Government House Pool, Nassau, Bahamas. Sir Bede Clifford has been appointed Governor of Mauritius, and will take up his new post in October.*

The Derby house-party was present *en masse.* Lady Stanley had her eldest and youngest sons with her, and Lady Derby was there with Lord Derby and Lord Stanley.

One of the smartest women present was Lady Crewe, who had deep cuffs of silver fox to her parchment suit. Lady Rosebery was there with her daughter, the young Duchess of Norfolk (very neat in blue and white, with a little white halo hat). Lady Rosebery chose a very bright green coat to wear over her stone-coloured jersey frock, and a large crown of the same brilliant hue for her white hat.

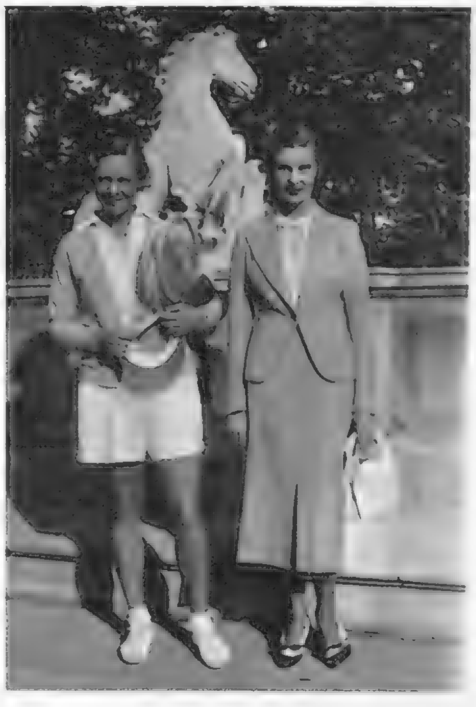
Lady Wharncliffe, looking very young in a blue-and-white organdie dress, with a large, summery blue crinoline hat, came with her daughter, Lady Ann Stuart-Wortley. Lady Mary Rose Fitzroy wore a genuine Glengarry cap with *chic,* and had a nice blue coat-frock with a muffler lined with mushroom-pink. Lady Irene Haig was another young girl present who chose dark blue, and her little skull cap was bright red.

A nice little group in the paddock were trying to sort out how best they should invest ten pounds between them in the "Daily Double." It included Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh, Mrs. Edward Clayton and her daughter, Jane, all of them were the guests of the Princess Royal for the meeting; and Mrs. James de Rothschild, whose yellow-and-red blouse and hat made one of the brightest spots on the lawns. There was, of course, great excitement when Chumleigh won. Lord Glanely was simply wreathed in smiles, and Lord Derby, whose horse he had just beaten, seemed equally cheerful, and was one of the first to congratulate the winner. Lady Fitzwilliam, however, congratulated the horse and patted it most affectionately!

. . . .

For those of us who remain in London there are many compensations—the fun of meeting friends one has not seen for many weeks, who may just be passing through on their way to Scotland or elsewhere, and the many theatrical events. To the latter must be added the de Basil Ballets Russes at Covent Garden, which started a too brief five-weeks' season.

The first-night audience, it must be admitted, was somewhat patchy both in sunburn and *chic.* There were a great many present who were most elegant, and, on the other hand, there were a great many who were rather the reverse, but that only goes to prove how popular the ballets are with all kinds of people. Lady Winchilsea definitely belongs to the first category, with her well-groomed head and general *soignée* appearance. She was accompanied by Lord Winchilsea. Mr. Bruce Ottley, the chairman of the new Covent Garden Musical Productions, which promises to give us so many interesting musical events this coming season, was there with Mrs. Bruce Ottley and their little boys. Mrs. Keith Newall was talking to Yurek Shabelevsky and Sona Osato, the lovely Japanese who is a member of the de Basil company. Lady Gage was having refreshments with Colonel de Basil, and Merle Oberon looked charmingly pensive.



MISS ALICE MARBLE *and* MISS KAY STAMMERS *at the Kahns' Long Island home at Cold Spring Harbour. Miss Marble, who was the holder of the United States Women's Singles Championship, was beaten in the fifth round at Forest Hills by Dorothy Bundy, daughter of the famous May Sutton, winner of the Women's Singles Championship at Wimbledon in 1905 and 1907.*

Need I say that the applause was deafening, and that the dancers seemed all the better for their holiday in the sun? They all were sunburnt, and they showed the audience how charming a brown back can look, though what the pre-war balletomanes would have said to this heresy I tremble to think. Was not a white skin considered one of the chief beauties of a woman, and they would have raised their hands in pained surprise to think

MRS. MYRTLE FARQUHARSON *was warmly welcomed by Farquharson clansmen when she returned home to Invercauld House, Braemar. She is here seen talking to the factor,* MR. J. D. MENZIES.

that in a few years' time our chief preoccupation would be how to get rid of this Aryan coloration !

. . . . .

Our Scottish correspondent writes : " A strong Sassenach element prevailed at Pitlochry Games, and the Grand Stand echoed with Oxford accents. Not even the pseudo-classic refrains tunefully provided by Dunfermline ' toon ' band could drown the perpetual ecstatic prattle of the American contingent, nor the ceaseless ' whirring ' of ciné-kodaks. Squadrons of wasps, as opposed to the more customary clouds of midges, discomforted the be-mackintoshed spectators, who huddled together on splintery benches, registered mild enthusiasm with minimum amount of facial expression.

" True to tradition, the afternoon was punctuated with showers of rain, endless bicycle races, and much bagpipe blowing. Troops of self-assured small girls, be-kilted and be-ringleted, plastered with medals and bristling with blackcocks' feathers, performed intricate measures upon a rude wooden platform, under the eagle gaze of local lairdry.

" The Duke and Duchess of Atholl occupied front seats, along with Lord James Stewart-Murray, the Duke's bachelor brother, and Colonel Charles Butter of Cluniemore, who acted as Chieftain. The Colonel's charming wife (who hails from the U.S.A.), attired in blue homespun tweeding, game-gazed with Lord Exeter, who is sojourning in the neighbourhood. Perthshire's reigning ' beauty,' Gelda MacGregor (tartan skirted), and brother ' Doochie,' who clung to an outsize ' cromach,' were with their vivacious cousin, Priscilla Gurney (whose father, Sir Hugh, is British Ambassador to Brazil, and whose mother is a sister of Lady Mansfield), and Cynthia Keppel, Lord Albemarle's younger daughter, ' spectated ' upon the roof of the Cardney car.

" ' Also theres ' included Jessica Mann-Thomson, who motored over from The Barracks, the family shooting-box on the Moor of Rannoch, with brother John. Jessica will be hunting with the Eglinton this season. The one-time Master, the indefatigable Lady Bute, will not be in the field this year, as she is going to follow the Quorn instead.

" The Butes, by the way, will be going South earlier than usual this autumn, for their younger son, Lord Patrick Crichton-Stuart, marries Jane von Bahr in London at the beginning of next month. Lord 'Pat,' who is interested in commercial aviation, and won the London-Cardiff air race a year or two ago (covering the distance in an hour), met his bride-to-be in Berlin. She 's Swedish. It is to be hoped that they will set up house in one or other of Lord Bute's northern domains.

" Gleneagles Hotel continues to seethe with activity. Residents at this Highland hostelry include the Vivian Corneliuses and honeymooning Clude François-Lyons. Jessica Cornelius and husband have come North after a prolonged session at Le Touquet. They literally live on the golf-course—whatever the weather—taking only the briefest intervals ' off ' for nourishment. Her sportswear is noteworthy—*chic*, but strictly practical. She favours suède suiting, and generally ties a coloured ' bandanna ' round her head, Bergner-wise.

" In case you are puzzled by the François-Lyons, she was Joyce Lyon until a few months ago. He 's Swiss. They are doing Scotland in their green A.C., and when not ' snapping ' at each other (with cameras !)—he being crazy about photography and a mine of information upon the subject — they are usually to be located on the practice course, swatting away at their golf under the vigilant eye of the resident ' pro.' They are getting along fine, and hope before long to be able to embark on their first round. They have a sixth-floor flat in Grosvenor Square which they have done-up themselves. A capable pair.

" Lord and Lady Mar and Kellie gave a large afternoon ' at home ' at Alloa House, their Clackmannanshire abode. People came from miles around, and enjoyed themselves so much that they all but forgot to leave. In the intervals of tea-taking and refreshing at the buffet (the chocolate cake was excellent), and friend-greeting (Lady Muir, all in blue, was surrounded by an impenetrable barrage of admiring folk, eager for a word), guests swarmed over the house, gaping wide-eyed at the superb family treasures. The dining-room walls are flanked with full-lengths. Much admired, too, were the photographs of Lord and Lady Mar, in their Coronation regalia, in the flower-filled drawing-room ; also the parrot, which seemed slightly dazed, and not a little annoyed, at all the commotion, but politely remained silent."

MARIEGOLD.

The engagement is announced of the HON. BETTY ASKWITH, *only daughter of Lord and Lady Askwith, of 5, Cadogan Gardens, S.W., to Mr. Walter Wigglesworth, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Wigglesworth, of Levern Bank, Marple, Cheshire. The bride-to-be is a well-known writer and hitherto she has collaborated with the Hon. Theodora Benson, but, shortly, she is bringing out a book called "Erinna," which is written by herself alone.*

MISS CYNTHIA ADELAIDE GOSSET *in her wedding dress. Her marriage to Mr. Martin Denzil Wibmer was arranged to take place on September 11 at the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, Wadhurst, Sussex. The bridegroom is the elder son of the late Mr. Lewis Martin Wibmer and of Mrs. Chaine, of Pennybridge, Wadhurst.*

The nineteen-year-old only daughter of Major Carlos Clarke, MISS DIANA CARLOS CLARKE, *whose marriage to Mr. Fulke T. Walwyn is fixed for September 28. The future bridegroom is a well-known steeplechase rider and won the Grand National on Reynoldstown two years ago.*

MR. EDWARD SHACKLETON *and* MISS MARGUERITE HOMAN, *who are engaged to be married. He is the younger son of the late Sir Ernest Shackleton, the famous explorer, and has inherited his father's love for this thrilling form of adventure. His last exploration was Ellesmere Land, in the Arctic, in 1934-35.*

EXTRACT FROM THE ABOYNE GAMES.

As usual, there were numerous local house-parties for the Aboyne Games; and the weather was grand. MISS GELDA MACGREGOR OF CARDNEY, *a popular Scottish ex-débutante, is shown above with* MR. COLIN MACPHERSON.

MISS "TINY" DENNISTOUN-SWORD *and her brother,* COLIN, *were among the Mayfairites present.*

Right : MR. *and* MRS. CECIL M. F. DEAKIN. *Mr. Deakin is a subaltern in the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards, which has just returned from garrison at Cairo and is now at the Tower. Mrs. Deakin is the eldest sister of Sir Arthur Grant, Bt.*

MR. "DOCHIE" MACGREGOR OF CARDNEY *and* MISS MARY WELD-FORESTER, *the daughter of Major the Hon. Cecil and Lady Victoria Weld-Forester.*

The HON. IAN *and* MRS. BAIRD *were together. He is the eldest son and heir of Lord Stonehaven and married Miss Delia Loyd in 1935.*

The MARQUESS OF ABERDEEN AND TEMAIR *chatting with the new Marquess of Huntly (right), who was Chieftain of the Games.*

QUEEN VICTORIA AS AN ARTIST: HER CHILD, THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

This little sketch of H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL (afterwards the Empress Frederick of Germany), by her mother, Queen Victoria, is both charming and topical. It is just another note in the portrayal of Victorian domesticity and drama unrolled in that most successful play "Victoria Regina," at the Lyric, and in the film "Victoria the Great," shortly to be shown.

FROM THE DRAWING "THE PRINCESS ROYAL AS A BABY" BY QUEEN VICTORIA; SHOWN AT THE RECENT VICTORIAN EXHIBITION AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES.

"THE UNNECESSARY SANDALS."

EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL SOCIETY

— BY W. RUSSELL FLINT, R.A.

OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

Carreras Ltd.—150 Years' Reputation for Quality

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MLLE. VERONICA — FOR KICKING 3000 TIMES IN AN HOUR AND A HALF AND STILL KICKING AT HORNSEY.

MLLE. VERONICA has just won the world's high-kicking championship at Juan-les-Pins Casino. She can make 3000 kicks in 1½ hours; 100 in 49 seconds; and 50 in 25 seconds. Her legs are insured for £5000.

AFTER a series of very successful plays, MISS DODIE SMITH looks more than likely to have a fresh triumph with her new one, "Bonnet Over the Windmill," at the New Theatre.

MISS EVE ALWYN, fair-haired dancer, is Venus in the "Psyche" ballet at the Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park. To music by César Franck, Nini Theilade devised the choreography, on the story of Cupid and Psyche. It follows "The Comedy of Errors."

MISS DODIE SMITH—FOR FLINGING HER NEW "BONNET OVER THE WINDMILL" AFTER HAVING LONG MADE HER NAME.

IT will be a rather exhilarating contrast to see Ginger Rogers—one of the finest feather-headed, foot-light exponents of the art of "tap," and Katharine Hepburn, screen actress of a more highbrow type, in the same team for the new celluloid drama "Stage Door," now in course of production by Radio Pictures. They are both red-heads—Ginger very fair and Katharine of a deeper, ruddier colour—and both put a great deal of verve into their acting.

GINGER ROGERS *(left)* and KATHARINE HEPBURN—*tap-dancer and high-hatter*—FOR JOINING FORCES AT THE "STAGE-DOOR."

MISS EVE ALWYN — FOR HER MILO-ESQUE POSE AS THE OPEN-AIR EVE IN THE "PSYCHE" BALLET, AFTER "THE COMEDY OF ERRORS."

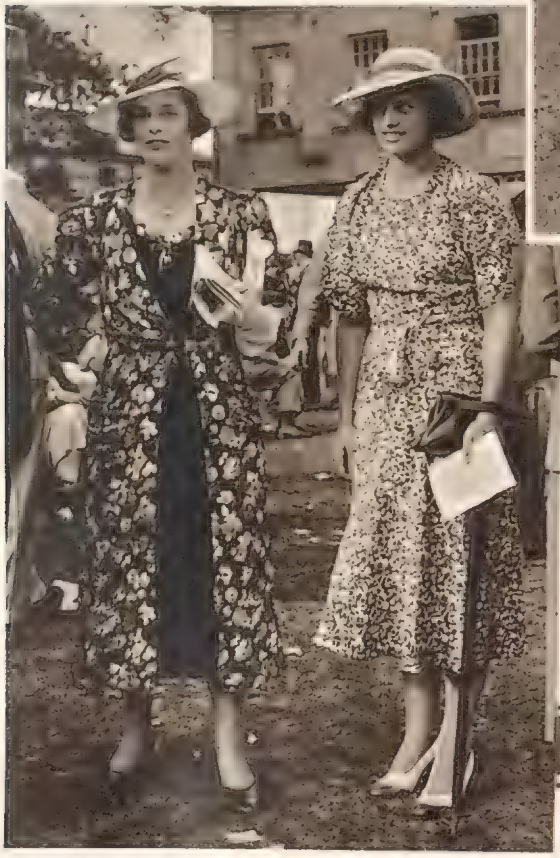
DONCASTER PROGRAMME AND

MISS ROSEMARY DE WEND FENTON *wore a very attractive get-up.*

Above, centre: Among the crowd in the paddock were MISS SOPHIE DE TRAFFORD, MR. JOHN CORDY SIMPSON, *and* MISS DIANA BUTLER-HENDERSON.

LADY DUNN, *looking very*, *with* CAPTAIN BOYD-

Right: This successful-looking party consists of (l. to r.) MISS R. BULLOCK, MR. ARTHUR STANLEY, MRS. EUAN WALLACE, *and* LORD ADARE.



LADY WHARNCLIFFE, *in a gaily-flowered coat, took with her her third daughter,* LADY DIANA MONTAGU-STUART-WORTLEY.

The HON. MRS. PETER PENNY. *Her husband's father was created a Baron this year.*

LORD HAREWOOD *went racing with* LADY DIGBY *and her eldest daughter, the* HON. PAMELA DIGBY, *who is seventeen this year.*

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Bolingbroke (MICHAEL REDGRAVE): "Bring forth these men—Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls (Since presently your souls must part your bodies) With too much urging your pernicious lives. . . ." HARRY ANDREWS as Bushy and DENNIS PRICE as Green.

Richard II. (JOHN GIELGUD), Bushy (HARRY ANDREWS), Duke of Aumerle (ALEC GUINNESS), Lord Willoughby (HEREWARD RUSSELL), John of Gaunt (LEON QUARTERMAINE), Lord Ross (ERNEST HARE), and the Queen (PEGGY ASHCROFT) in Act II., Scene II. of "King Richard II.", at the Queen's Theatre.

GIELGUD'S "KING RICHARD II."

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By IVOR BROWN.

MR. IVOR NOVELLO touches nothing of the popular kind which he does not make more popular still. He works very hard and with ripe experience; he has immense perseverance as well as unquestionable personality. There seems to be no reason why he should not fill the mightiest of English theatres for a mighty long time. At any rate, his latest musical-romantical spectacle, "CREST OF THE WAVE," at Drury Lane, went rippling along, to the general satisfaction, as "Glamorous Night" and "Careless Rapture" did aforetime. These waves grow by cumulation and this latest wave may also be a breaker of records. I cannot pretend that this wave, far more sweet than salt, contains the material for my cup of tea. One need not be unusually high of brow to suggest that romantic stories about penniless dukes who become the darlings of Hollywood and return with a new fortune to save the moated grange require a little irony or satire to commend them to the adult intelligence. But most English people detest irony and satire, and most English playgoers dote on all that Mr. Novello writes, composes, and enacts. So why should he change his tune any more than he changes his cast?

The adorers of "Careless Rapture" will remake delighted acquaintance with Miss Dorothy Dickson, who has now so far matured as to look almost as old as twenty; with Miss Minnie Rayner, who has lost neither weight nor spirit, and also with Mr. Novello himself. Newcomers include Miss Marie Löhr and Miss Ena Burrill, the one being breezy and bluff, and the other a slinky villainess who shoots to kill and scarcely wounds. There is also an American railway accident, whose crash, duly spectacular, is less than lethal in order that we may all eat our Christmas pudding with his and her Grace way back in lil' old England. Rest assured that all the essentials are there. For some reason, everybody turns up in Brazil, where the dancers come from, where national costumes appear to be a national habit, and where all is colourful and passionate. The villainess fires some three or four chambers at Mr. Novello, and fails to bump him off. Of course, she misses. There is half the evening to come and a first-class railway smash to be seen; also some good lines and good tunes to be heard.

The first night of "Crest of the Wave" collided with that of Mr. George Black's new Palladium show, "LONDON RHAPSODY." My deputy informs me that the famous Gangsters of this house were sometimes more crazy, but never more funny; that the pictures of old London entertainments were grand; and that the Horse Guards turn was immense. Mr. Black was apprehensive lest historians should rake the Palladium stage for inaccuracies about London life. He need not fear. Any historians present will be far too helpless with laughter to make a fuss about the facts. A Scottish friend of mine who said that he had never laughed at Nervo and Knox before, had thought them, this time, to be "fair rideeklus." So there now!

There was another clash of dates—inevitable at the beginning of September—when the de Basil Ballet opened an autumn season at Covent Garden with Fokine's "Petrouchka," and Mr. John Gielgud started his Eight Months' Plan at the Queen's with "RICHARD II." This play is like the little girl with a curl in the middle of her forehead. When it is good, it is very, very good: when it is bad, it is horrid—or at least horribly padded with the second-best rhetoric which the Elizabethans could so richly churn out without seeming to bother. There is over-much changing of scenic bits and pieces to let the play flow as it should, but Mr. Gielgud gives a magnificent picture of the vain, self-indulgent, capricious, brain-sickly King whose fall so strangely moves us, despite the fact that he had done quite a deal to deserve it.

Miss Peggy Ashcroft, as the Queen, has a little, and Mr. Michael Redgrave, as the usurper Bolingbroke, a great deal to do, and both are excellent. Mr. Redgrave's acting has greatly matured, and his picture of Richard's rival is fit to hang by this Richard's side. That is a large compliment. Mr. Gielgud's touch in production and the resource of his company were exemplified in the humanity of the two Dukes played by Mr. George Howe and Mr. Frederick Lloyd. They were not the usual baronial reach-me-downs, but real men. Mr. Gielgud always produces Shakespeare with an eye to such reality. He gloriously refuses to let Shakespeare become a tedious ritual or a cultural exercise, with a lot of people walking about in strange and solemn clothes making strange and solemn noises.

"THE PHANTOM LIGHT," by Miss Evadne Price, is a comedy-melodrama for which the Haymarket is an august address. It is a starring vehicle for Mr. Gordon Harker, who is my idea of an authentic star. That word is now shockingly abused, and applied to anybody who has got his or her name on to a playbill. A star, to me, is a person who can really hold a play up single-handed, or, as one of a starred pair, conquering by skill, glamour, or both. Mr. Harker is really able to achieve that feat. "The Phantom Light" proves it. For he makes this drama, which is full of repetition and rather feebly facetious, seem good enough for an evening's entertainment, even at the lordly Haymarket. Without a comedian of his calibre, it would not do at all. His part is that of a newly-appointed keeper of a lighthouse which has a blood-red record for wrecks and murders and ghostly, ghastly goings-on. Sinister Cornish coves give him the bleakest of welcomes. To this "shiver-my-timbers" kind of fun Mr. Harker brings a cool head, a Cockney accent, a bottle of rum, some sausages, a frying-pan, a lucky charm, and a great capacity for being in the thickest of the fray.

A Sherriffs'-eye view of "CREST OF THE WAVE," *at Drury Lane. The Duke of Cheviot—He is distinguished by his shield—Norman type—bearing the charge "argent, upon a cheviot* (DOROTHY DICKSON), *a film-star; and immediately behind is Helen Winter* (ENA BURRILL), *is Freddie Layton* (WALTER CRISHAM), *a peripatetic dancer. Carried along in the breeze are historical allusions. A deep-sea cruise is hinted at, and the railway companies, not to be Well, these are the ingredients. We suggest*

His enemies are desperate, dope-smuggling creatures, and his allies, whom he first and amusingly mistakes for Bolsheviks, include Miss Edna Best, who has a lot of screaming and struggling to do, and does both as capitally as one would expect. The play finally ascends to the lamp-room of the lighthouse, where the forces of good and evil fight it out by candle-power with the expected result, and so put an end to crime in Cornish waters. Will this do? Just. Thanks to Mr. Harker.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

A YACHTING party, landing on a deserted island off the north coast of Scotland, comes across a stone on the edge of a towering cliff. It bears the laconic inscription: "Peter Manson—Gone Over." A young pilot, born and bred on the island, recalls the events that led up to this remote tragedy, events in which he himself played a prominent part. The story he tells is the subject of "THE EDGE OF THE WORLD" (New Gallery), a beautiful little picture which Michael Powell wrote, directed, and made on the island of Foula. The film belongs to the category of "Man of Aran" and "The Turn of the Tide." Here, again, the daily life and occupations of the islanders are woven into the fabric of a simple tale of love, death and bitter struggle against overwhelming odds. The piled crags of the cliffs, the fields and their scanty crops, the peat moors with their dwindling yield, form a background, and the song of the sea rises in unceasing commentary on a drama whose elemental passions are attuned to the wind, the mist and the crying gulls of "Hirta." Mr. Powell has not disdained some of the older tricks of the screen, nor does he avoid melodrama in developing the rivalry between two youths, one of them killed in a race up the cliff-face, and the hatred of the dead boy's father for the survivor, whom his daughter loves. But the director's methods create suspense and draw us into the heart of the conflict. The perilous climb of the beetling cliff, the fate of the pathetic little "letter-boat" launched by the heroine, the trawler's race for the mainland with a sick child on board, and the death of a stern old islander whilst the defeated colony is being evacuated—these are matters of absorbing interest, despite their quite deliberate building-up. The picture has a primitive strength and a forthrightness to which the professional actors—John Laurie, Finlay Currie, Niall Macginnis, Belle Chrystall, and others who head the island cast—have responded admirably. And from beginning to end it holds the eye enthralled by the beauty of its rugged settings.

Mr. Gantry—(IVOR NOVELLO) *is to be seen proudly mounted upon the crest of the breaker. vert, a gantry proper." Immediately ahead of him is Honey Wortle, or "June May," a film magnate, who wants the Duke's autograph, love, and subsequently life. The dark figure Mrs. Wortle* (MINNIE RAYNER), *and Virginia, Duchess of Cheviot* (MARIE LÖHR), *and two outdone, thrust in their oar (it keeps the metaphor aquatic) in the form of a train-smash. that you work it out for yourself.*

"OVER SHE GOES," the screen version of a musical comedy that scored a record run at the Saville Theatre, arrives at the Regal on Friday, with Stanley Lupino and Laddie Cliff in their original parts, leading the gay cavalcade of players, singers and dancers who have carried their thistle-down luggage of melody and mirth virtually intact from stage to screen. The unimportant though necessary plot of this lighthearted piece is supplied by young Lord Drewsden's matrimonial plans, which involve a pretty blonde and a blackmailing lady intent on capturing a title. Friends rally to the rescue. Schemes are hatched—by Mr. Cliff—whereby the missing holder of the title, reported dead, is miraculously restored to life before he actually pops up again. Thus the story is steered into the necessary complications, through which Mr. Lupino clowns his resourceful way. The play starts off merrily with a fox-hunt, which permits three fair Dianas—Claire Luce, Sally Gray, and Gina Malo—to take voluntary tosses in order to bring their swains, John Wood, Stanley Lupino, and Laddie Cliff to the point of proposal. Their success is a prelude to the usual lovers' quarrels and reconciliations, and the usual dilemmas, the latter considerably strengthened by the six-foot-something of brawn and muscle represented by Max Baer, whose fights are all "off stage," however, and who wanders very amiably through the hilarious action. The fun is inclined to flag occasionally, and I can see no point in the erection of an elaborate lighthouse, planted in an unconvincing sea, for the sake of one ballad about windows. There are windows enough and to spare in the imposing baronial halls which furnish the settings. But at its best the picture is excellent entertainment. It has a sprinkle of good lines, good tunes, Syd Walker and Richard Murdoch to poke fun at policemen, old and new style, and the indefatigable Stanley Lupino to keep the ball rolling with his comic invention.

The new Selznick Technicolor production, "A STAR IS BORN" (Tivoli), should go down in the annals of screen history as the first all-colour picture in which the human interest of the drama reduces the effects achieved by a process still young enough to be regarded as revolutionary to its proper proportions. Colour has here become the natural adjunct of a vital and well-told story, to be accepted, apart from one or two definitely pictorial moments, as easily as the familiar formula of black and white. It is pleasing to the eye, well handled and discreet, fitting so smoothly into the frame of a fine film as to remove all impression of novelty. And that is the greatest compliment one can pay to colour. "A Star is Born" which marks the triumphant return to the screen of Janet Gaynor, and provides Fredric March with the best part he has had in recent years, is a play of simple outline concerned with the rise to international fame of a screen-struck girl and the decline of an established star to whom she owes her big chance, and whom she marries. Under the direction of William A. Wellman, the picture moves steadily to a logical conclusion, shot through with humour, gay, bitter, satirical and penetrating. Hollywood, with its struggles, glories and cruelties forms its scintillating background, and the courage that admits failure or carries on with a broken heart adds its *point d'orgue*. Janet Gaynor, charmingly revealed in the beauty of her auburn hair, gives a tender portrayal of the devoted wife and unspoiled star, whilst Fredric March seizes his opportunities in a superb study of the erstwhile screen-idol whose fight against drink and destiny ends in self-sacrifice. The canvas is crowded with clear-cut and amusing characterisations to which May Robson, Adolphe Menjou, Andy Devine, Lionel Stander, and the rest of an admirable company do full justice.

Our list of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page VI.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE title of "Harvest Comedy" has a double meaning: it refers to the hero, William Harvest, and to the subject as well. For this long novel, in the main a chronicle of three lives, illustrates the thesis that men reap exactly as they have sown—"character is destiny."

Bob Whistler, Dick Firth and William Harvest are schoolboys together at Moreton, and come up against each other often and curiously in later years. Whistler is the most commonplace of the three—a coarse-grained, rather stupid egoist, whose façade of brute strength hides a vacillating and timid soul. There is no virtue in him, but little malice. Firth, on the other hand, is malice personified: a complex and very able young Pecksniff, impudent, sanctimonious, overweeningly self-conceited, and rather charming. As for Harvest, he might be the authentic "man in the street"—you would not look twice at him. But this ordinariness is the garb of a saint by no means without worldly wisdom—a blend of serpent and dove.

Swinnerton-Land. In a sense, Mr. Swinnerton's novels are much alike; for the important thing about each of them is the tone which they have in common. The ingredients may differ, but what we taste is always the flavouring, not pungent, but remarkably individual. For this reason he seldom disappoints, or greatly surpasses himself: you like the queer taste or you don't like it, and that's that. Even the ingredients vary less than with many novelists. In "Harvest Comedy" we have again the secret, stylish Madonna-siren—refined outwardly, a vulgar sensualist at heart. Her name this time is Julie, and she keeps house for an aged lecher—which has happened before. She wins the hero's first love, but afterwards he turns from her to the candid young maiden—also according to precedent. Mr. Swinnerton has of late years been converted to the value of plot, but it has not made a great difference. Indeed, his plots are rather clumsy; they deal too much in coincidence, obscure hints, and melodramatic surprises—and one is shocked, for melodrama hardly suits this peculiar atmosphere. Whatever be the strange fluid running in the veins of these people, it is not blood, surely; at least, not warm blood; their world is rather like an aquarium, subduing every noise of life, and, on the whole, a trifle uncanny. Saint and sinner are alike native to this cold-blooded element; they glide in and out, on their lawful or unlawful occasions, with the same slyness.

The effect is entirely one of manner; Mr. Swinnerton has no brief for slyness, but quite the contrary. There it is, however. But it was no accident that made "Harvest Comedy," like the other novels, first and foremost a moral work: calmly, obliquely, but all the time, this author discourses on how to live. And it is a peculiarity of his characters to have grace or reprobation written, as it were, on their foreheads. Will Harvest is one of the elect, and we know it immediately; from Julie grace has been withheld, and we know it immediately—and so with all of them: all are predestined, without appeal. The reprobate are often strongly drawn to the chosen, but cannot hold them.

A Modern Pecksniff. Dick Firth has the star part in "Harvest Comedy"—a part adapted, it seems fairly clear, from the life. He is the most various of rascals: a teetotaller, a non-smoker, an unblushing amorist, and, even in the secrecy of his bosom, a pious humbug. He is consciously malicious, yet quite good-natured. His manners are caressing and rather cat-like; there is a good deal of the cat in him altogether. He has an unquenchable flow of rhetoric, a vein of odd humour, and no pomposity. He is so crooked (to quote I forget what detective novel) that you could use his spine for a safety-pin, and delights in artfulness, yet he retains an incorrigible and sincere view of himself as a moral man. Politician, newspaper owner, swindling financier, he goes very far—possessing, indeed, every quality except principle; and he rises all the quicker for lack of that, until the lack of it wrecks him, as was bound to happen sooner or later.

Mr. Swinnerton, like his creature, has been brilliantly successful up to a point: Firth is the gem of the novel. But now and then I felt he had been observed in pieces, and put together with too much deliberation; more vitality was required to warm-up so complex and brisk a rogue. And we never have a chance to forget that he is one of the reprobate. Good qualities are alleged of him, but never convincingly; and although the story demands that we should constantly feel his charm, the author's moral sense

[Continued on page 526.

The International golf matches at Portmarnock, Co. Dublin: SCOTLAND *(the winners, by two victories and one halved match; front row, l. to r.)* MESSRS. A. JAMIESON, JR. *(Pollock)*, E. D. HAMILTON *(Ralston)*, R. G. J. KIRK *(Vice-President, Scottish Golf Union)*, H. M. DICKSON *(non-playing captain)*, A. R. RUSS *(President, Scottish Golf Union)*, S. L. McKINLAY *(Western Gailies)*, *and* GEORGE ROBERTS *(Craigmillar Park); (back row, l. to r.):* MESSRS. G. B. PETERS *(Fereneze)*, A. E. McLEOD *(Old Ranfurly)*, D. S. WEMYSS *(Turnhouse)*, K. G. PATRICK *(Stirling)*, H. McINALLY *(Ardeer)*, W. S. McLEOD *(Old Ranfurly)*, HECTOR THOMSON *(Williamwood)*, *and* J. E. DAWSON *(Troon). Since the tournament between the four countries began, in 1932, Scotland have won the honours each year.*

The International golf matches at Portmarnock, Co. Dublin: The ENGLISH TEAM *(second, with two victories and one defeat; front row, l. to r.):* MESSRS. A. L. BENTLEY *(Hesketh)*, J. J. F. PENNINK *(Royal Ashdown Forest)*, C. J. H. TOLLEY *(captain; Royal and Ancient)*, L. G. CRAWLEY *(Brancepeth Castle)*, *and* H. G. BENTLEY *(Hesketh); (back row, l. to r.):* MESSRS. A. S. G. THOMPSON *(Aldeburgh)*, G. A. HILL *(Sandy Lodge)*, J. S. L. LYON *(Aldoodley)*, K. B. SCOTT *(Crowborough Beacon)*, C. STOWE *(Penn)*, *and* C. W. TIMMIS *(Royal Liverpool).*

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Continued.]

is always switching the current off. Then he appears so reptilian that we don't understand how any moderately sensitive young woman can fall in love with him. Dickens had similar qualms about Mr. Pecksniff—and dealt with them by working off his morality in frequent asides, between which he let Pecksniff make all the running : this is the jollier method, though inartistic.

This Freedom.

" Morning Tells the Day " is a lesson to advanced parents. " Good heavens," reflects Denver Grinling on the birth of his son, " I suppose when I was as small as this my guv'nor was planning his ghastly schemes for the complete suppression of all that was natural and honest in me. What an absolutely appalling thought! Never mind, Anthony, you 'll have better luck, old fellow." It sounds well, but unluckily Denver's conception of the "natural and honest" in a growing boy is quite as rigid as his father's (though very different). He has always longed for a son to bring up " in the right way "—of course, his own way—and has determined the result in advance. Here is the four-year-old Anthony under treatment—

The International golf matches at Portmarnock, Co. Dublin: The IRISH TEAM *(third; standing, l. to r.):* DR. T. W. O'SULLIVAN *(Dooks, Co. Kerry),* MR. W. J. GILL *(Sutton),* DR. J. A. FLAHERTY *(Langley Park),* MESSRS. R. C. EWING *(Co. Sligo),* JOHN BURKE *(Lahinch),* J. BRUEN *(Muskerry), and* J. F. OWENS *(Skerries); (sitting, l. to r.):* MR. LIONEL O. M. MUNN *(North West),* DR. J. D. MACCORMACK *(captain; Grange), and* MR. J. C. BROWN *(Waterford).*

" Chang 's rude, isn't he ? He hasn't got any clothes on."

" Chang doesn't want his collar in the house," began Alison, but Denver interrupted her.

" What 's that ? Now who the devil put that into his head ? It 's just the kind of thing I particularly want to avoid. . . . Tell me, old boy, why d' you think Chang 's rude—eh ? "

He was suddenly shy. He had not really thought Chang rude at all. He had merely wanted to say something comfortably silly, he had wanted to hear them chuckle. It was a pity that nobody thought being bare quite so funny as he did.

. . . " Listen," said Denver. . . . " I want to explain something. Don't you worry one little bit. Nothing 's rude—see ? Nothing at all. If you took off every stitch and chose to hop about the room it wouldn't matter an atom. Except that you 'd catch a cold. That 's the only reason why we all wear clothes; our climate doesn't exactly encourage going about in a state of nature. If we lived in the South Seas, it 'ud be different. See my point ? Never be ashamed of your body. Be proud of it."

" Father doesn't mean that you *may* take your things off whenever you feel like it, of course. People simply don't, it 's a matter of good manners."

" Convention, not ethics."

" That 's what I 'm saying, Denver."

" I know you are. So am I. I want him to get it absolutely clear."

Over his head rushed the flow of confusing talk. They asked him whether he understood, and as usual and for the sake of peace he said that he did. One thing only he knew, and that he had known before Nanny told him : it was rude to be bare.

In the nursery, despite occasional interferences, Anthony can still call his soul his own, but after that his development is thwarted at every stage by his father's preconceived notion of how he ought to develop. Denver, a naïve and jovial egoist, is quite unconscious of bringing pressure to bear : it 's not likely *he* should make a mistake of that sort, he knows too much about it; he doesn't pretend to be an angel, but if there 's one thing he *can* say . . . etc., etc. But actually, the mere suspicion of difference in anyone—let alone his son—provokes him to combat, and, worst of all, he insists on thrusting experience on Anthony ready-made. All the boy's enthusiasms are laughed at or argued down : it seems shocking to Denver that any human being should like school, or be keen on cricket, or want to join the Boy Scouts. Sex, on the other hand, is a preoccupation which can hardly begin too early, or be too much encouraged; so, at a later period, he *will* discourse on women in his loud voice, sends the reluctant Anthony off to Paris to have some fun, and then expects to hear details. Obviously there will be a grand row one day or other, but it is only threatening when we leave the pair. Like so much contemporary fiction, " Morning Tells the Day " is less a novel than a very clever study for one; we should be more exacting with our creative artists. But, as a study, it is entirely admirable—painful, amusing and life-like.

Torero.

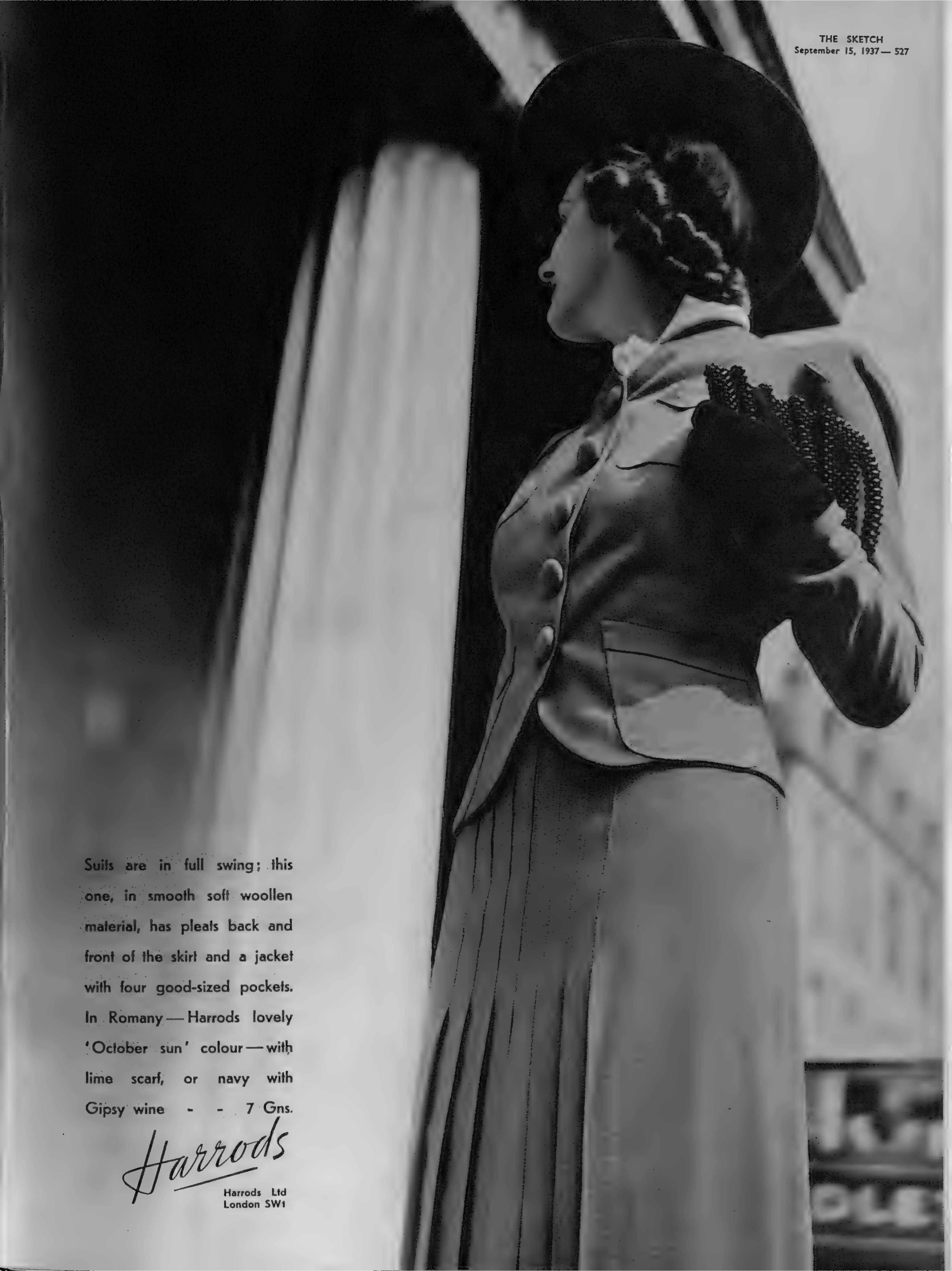
" A Matador Dies " (awarded the Prix Goncourt for 1935) is, again, a study—of the Spanish bull-ring this time. The hero, once at the top of his profession, has retired with nerves badly shaken after a series of accidents, and is determined never to fight again—indeed, his physique is no longer good enough. The arena was a nightmare to him in his best days, and now he shudders at the mere thought of it. But want of money, and the pitiless demands of his mistress, force him after all to attempt a come-back. The crowd has been turned against him by a newspaper racket, and he is hounded to death.

The International golf matches at Portmarnock, Co. Dublin: WALES *(fourth; front row, l. to r.):* MESSRS. DOUGLAS HALL *(St. Deniol),* G. S. NOON *(Glamorganshire),* H. R. HOWELL *(captain; Glamorganshire),* DAVID LEWIS *(Cardiff), and* JAMES ROBERTS *(St. Deniol); (back row, l. to r.):* MESSRS. GORDON WALLIS *(Prestatyn),* ROY GLOSSOP *(Cardiff),* R. M. DE LLOYD *(Cardiff),* J. HARRISON *(Tredegar Park),* S. B. ROBERTS *(Prestatyn), and* R. L. MATHEWS *(Royal Porthcawl).*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY POOLE, DUBLIN.

Of late we have become rather used to glorifications of bull-fighting, and this book is an antidote. Here, a few moments of tense excitement, of thrilling beauty, relieve a spectacle about as artistic in essence as a gladiatorial show; blood-lust, greed, and necessity are the foundations of the whole matter. The stars

[*Continued on page vi.*


Suits are in full swing; this one, in smooth soft woollen material, has pleats back and front of the skirt and a jacket with four good-sized pockets. In Romany — Harrods lovely 'October sun' colour — with lime scarf, or navy with Gipsy wine - - 7 Gns.
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THE SKETCH DIARY OF PARIS FASHIONS

EDITED BY OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

SOME fashions are still-born. They live for a little moment in the brain of their creator. They take shape, and are never heard of again.

Others are born leaders. They are successes, not only when they are first seen, but through many months, for they influence the trend of general design.

Here, in brief, are outstanding models from the Winter Collections in Paris, instantaneously acclaimed, new, and significant.

MAGGY ROUFF'S day dresses and sweaters, gauged down the side seams from under-arm to hip, and swathed across the throat almost to the chin, fitting as snugly as a swim-suit, like the velvet-trimmed wool dress on the far right.

Mainbocher's coat-frocks with low hip-lines that give a jacket effect: his draped sweaters, worn outside the skirt: his day and evening tunics: and his uneven hemmed short evening frocks.

The formal fur-trimmed suits seen in every Collection, and the lavishly furred afternoon coats, like the one we have sketched. Maggy Rouff makes this in black corded silk and silver fox, emphasising the slender waist with a wide, flat belt. Enormous fluted collars and revers of fox, plastrons and panels of beaver, and strips of sealskin or Persian lamb are everywhere, with some coats fur-backed and fabric-fronted, or completely fur-skirted.

LONG - SLEEVED evening dresses, not only for dinner wear, but in radiant brocaded lamés for grand occasions. Seductive and elegant. Graceful dance dresses, sweeping gently outwards from the hips, with narrow shoulder-straps or halter necks. Chanel's full tulle panels at each side of slender frocks. Mainbocher's stiff sequin panniers, and Patou's evening sheaths, with fluted mink on the corsage or blue fox trailing round the skirt.

SCHIAPARELLI'S high-necked evening dress, with an exaggerated brassière bodice. Molyneux's dashing upturned hats, worn with tubular velvet dinner dresses. Paquin's grand ground-length mink or silver-fox coats, slenderly sashed in chiffon or sequins.

Chanel's day-time boleros and her triangular, double-breasted coats. Lanvin's and Creed's double-breasted coats cut straight across the front of the waist. Rochas' black coat, with sealskin sleeves, and gold-embroidered wheat arabesques down the front. Everybody's afternoon dresses, tubular-skirted or gently flared, swathed and seamed about the waist, draped and gauged at the neck and bosom, and very, very flat over the diaphragm.

at an interview
where
everything
depends
upon the impression
you
make . . .

have you ever noticed
how
a cigarette
somehow
restores
your
self-confidence . . .

so that
you
really
do yourself justice,
and the interview
becomes
a
happier affair
for you both?

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

TRAIL-BLAZERS

Significant in every detail, these models will influence Fashion all over the world

SEQUINS slink, or splash, or burst their way like fireworks through every Collection. Mainbocher uses them in massed colours, like stained-glass windows, or rockets them over billowy dresses of tulle. Paquin embroiders them closely on slender frocks. You can see how in the dress on the extreme left of this page. Of white crêpe embroidered with silver sequins, the belt and the *motif* are made of larger sequins. Such *motifs* are strongly stressed, appearing even, in a modified form, on day dresses.

ROMANCE lies in every fold of the bouffant tulle frocks that float like clouds and frame, rather than veil, the shoulders and bosom. Lanvin's exquisite black tulle picture frock is sketched above. Bands of red and green sweep upwards at the waist and the shoulders are left completely bare. Chanel, whose genius has always been reflected in such frocks, makes them of tulle or lace or taffeta, lacing the bodices daringly. New, mid-calf length satin slips, very slender, showing through transparent skirts.

VEILED MODESTY is an ever-recurring theme. Paquin achieves it in a black crêpe sheath with a large bow slanting across the hip. The transparent top, slightly draped, is of coarse black net, and the full veil falls from a net diadem with a jewelled ornament. Here is allure, and all Paris has fallen for its many interpretations.

LIFTED SKIRTS are back again. Patou does lots of them, usually like the high-waisted grey satin evening frock immediately above, which was one of the loveliest of his models. In steel-grey satin with a draped halter-strap that is part of the bodice, the sash ties on the hip above the swinging drape of the slim wrapped skirt.

SEX APPEAL is one of the things that nobody will be able to ignore this year. It is exploited by every means known to dress designers, and it is going to make charm more potent than brilliance. See how Lelong uses white satin, veiling it with black lace, and banding it tightly about the waist and diaphragm. And how he gauges velvety red jersey to accent hips and bosom, leaving a bare crescent across the waist.

ROVER

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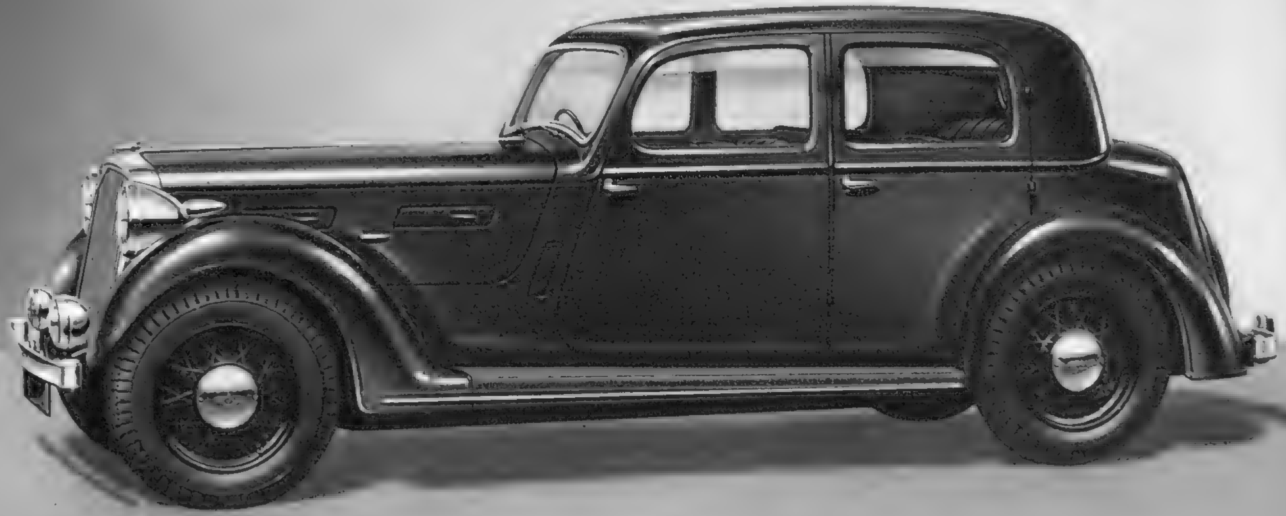

"One of Britain's Fine Cars"

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Paris likes

SUMPTUOUS FABRICS, soft and heavy and gleaming, rich as a Raja's dream. Brocaded lamés by night: velvet-smooth-faced cloths by day. Splashes and showers and floods of brilliant circus sequins. Swirls and plastrons and panels of lavish fur.

SENSATIONALISM at night, when sex-appeal is rampant. Low-cut sheaths with knee-high slits: romantic frocks with brassière bodices and skirts of drifting tulle: swathed hips and lifted hemlines: provocative head-dresses veiling neck and shoulders.

Rochas' black suit slashed with magenta. Jacket trimmed Persian lamb. Pleated magenta blouse with narrow patent belt.

Creed's three-piece. Pale blue tartan frock, intricately cut and worn alone or with high-waisted black skirt zip-fastened to thigh.

Complementary double-breasted black coat, the front worn open or closed. Waisted, flared skirt, with squared raglan sleeves.

Patou's elegant coat-frock, with a flash of emerald green at the neck and beneath the silver-fox bordered wrap of the skirt.

Rochas' sealskin bolero striped with Persian lamb. Black dress draped at neck, with vivid massed embroideries on sash.

Lanvin's magnificent coat in warm orange, belted across the sides, trimmed Persian lamb. Double-breasted and buoyant.

SUITS that have slender waists and straight shoulders, with bias-cut skirts and hip-length jackets. Banded with flat fur, framed in black fox, appliquéd with velvet, slashed with vivid colours. Double-breasted and trimly angular, or curved and luscious.

TOPCOATS that fit flatly at the front and fall loose and full from the shoulder-blades: that flare gently from a moulded waist with fox collars straight across the shoulders: straight and bisected or plastroned with fur: or double-breasted and boldly tailored.

SILHOUETTES that by day are as narrow as a tube, closely wrinkled from hip to bust: or that are softened at the waist and hem, with back and sometimes front fulness. By night, Directoire, tubular, bouffant, draped, or gradually flared from hips.

ANYTHING that glorifies womanhood and accents a pre-war vintage of feminine charm. Bows of bright velvet tying high fox collars. Muffs of fur, or at night of velvet and flowers. Boleros of clipped ostrich feathers. Full-length fur coats, wide-skirted and dramatic. Slinky dinner dresses, worn with long gloves, and seductive hats.

Sterling Silver-Gilt and opalescent Blue Enamel Toilet Suite, mounted zircon and marcasite ornament comprising :—
2 Hair Brushes, Hat Brush, Cloth Brush, all fine quality bristles. Hand Mirror, bevelled glass. Tortoiseshell Comb with enamel mount. Complete **£27.10.0**
Velvet-lined case 25/- extra.
Separate pieces to order.

for FINER Dressing Table Sets

When you are choosing an important present you probably start by saying to yourself that it must be really 'good.' Design must be pleasing; materials of the finest; workmanship beyond reproach.

Now there is obviously in London more than one firm of Jewellers with the standing which guarantees this 'goodness.' But you need something else. You are giving to a particular person with individual taste: so you need *breadth of choice*.

And that is where The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company are in a privileged position. They have the necessary standing *and* the necessary breadth of choice.

If you cannot call, remember that every day The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company are sending their illustrated catalogues to every part of England—and beyond.

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FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SANDY BUNKER.

MOST golfers will agree that there is more fun in match-play than in stroke competitions. From a purely academic point of view, there is not much doubt about a stroke competition over 72 holes generally resulting in the success of the best player, while this is not necessarily the case in match-play events. It must not be imagined that this is any reflection upon the golfing skill of amateur champions, but I think it will be agreed that an element of luck does enter into match-play events, and sometimes decides close games in an unexpected way—lucky "rubs of the green," which are seen at almost every tournament and probably affect the result. Occasionally birds, cattle, dogs, or even snakes have spoilt matches by carrying off a player's ball, thereby sometimes costing him a hole as well. I have even heard of a frog interfering in a game. This occurred in a match in which Harry Vardon and Ted Ray were taking part during an American tour. Both players vouched for the fact that Vardon's putt finished in the hole, and then the ball reappeared on the green, accompanied by a large frog which had been in the hole and expelled the intruding ball. But a story which just reaches me from America does test my credulity, even though I do not agree that golfers deserve their unenviable reputation for a total disregard for veracity. It concerns a grasshopper which won a tournament match for a player. The game was all square, and one player, who had a long putt to win the eighteenth, putted to the very lip of the hole. "A large grasshopper landed square on the ball, and its added weight caused the ball to drop into the cup" and settle the match. Without knowing the actual weight of the grasshopper, I can only think that the players might have been mistaken—perhaps the wind blew the ball into the hole.

For the third successive year, Scotland was the winner of the Girls' International Golf match at Stoke Poges for the Stroyan Cup, an event organised by the "Bystander." The Scotland team are on the wall in our photograph, with SHEILA STROYAN *(captain) holding the cup and (l. to r.)* JESSIE BAXTER, DOROTHY THOMSON, MAY LOVE, FRANCES HALBERT, ETHEL ANDERSON, JEAN McINTYRE *and* PAMELA BROWN. *The England team are on the steps*—PEGGY EDWARDS *(captain)*, JACQUELINE GORDON, JOAN PEMBERTON, SONIA SWINBURNE-JOHNSON, JOAN NEGRETTI, MAUREEN RUTTLE, DOROTHY DREW, MARGARET LONG, *and* ANNE HARRISON.

A Really Attractive "Championship." Incidents of this kind are, to say the least of it, rare, and usually players must win their matches for themselves, without the aid of animals, birds, or insects. If you wish to know how one lucky break or one unlucky kick may turn the tide in a close match, you should go to Stoke Poges this week. Apart from the fact that you will enjoy a visit to this famous course, with its beautiful white mansion for a club-house—once the home of the Penn family, who founded Pennsylvania—it will be possible to see there most of the greatest professional golfers in the country engaged in matches. The occasion is the *News of the World* £1250 Tournament, which is unofficially the "Professional Match-play Championship." The sixty-four players who have survived the stroke qualifying competitions throughout the country comprise the field for what is, in my view, one of the most entertaining professional meetings of the year. Unfortunately, Henry Cotton, the Open Champion, was on holiday at the time the qualifying competition was held, and he cannot, therefore, emulate Alfred Padgham, who held the Open and "Match-play Championship" at the same time. But practically all of Britain's other distinguished professionals are included. Stoke Poges will doubtless provide some great matches, but it seems safe to say there will be no more thrilling final next Friday than there was to this tournament last year. In this 36-holes match, D. J. Rees, assistant at Surbiton, was five down with fourteen holes to play, and won from that seasoned campaigner, Ernest Whitcombe, who unfortunately failed to qualify this year.

Match-Play Events Needed. Rees himself played in the Ryder Cup team, and justified his choice by winning one of the only two points the British team gained in the singles at Southport. It seems rather a pity that there are not more big match-play tournaments for professionals, but as things stand at present this is impossible. The Professional Golfers' Association has been offered and has refused further tournaments of a similar nature. But if we are to develop match-play in this country—and, indeed, that is necessary, in view of our numerous commitments for international contests — there should be more professional match-play tournaments. In the old days, professionals made the major part of their living from challenge matches, but these are now so seldom played as to be rare occasions. Moreover, with more match-play experience, our professionals would be better able to train amateurs for matches. The recent International Championship in Ireland, which resulted in the customary success of Scotland over England, Ireland, and Wales, unfortunately suggests little hope of a home success in the Walker Cup match against the United States to be played here next year. There were good matches during the international series, but I am doubtful whether the best players in the four teams are good enough to win the Walker Cup. Amateurs play considerably more matches than do professionals, but seldom against players much better than themselves. If they opposed professionals more frequently, both the amateur and the professional—conceding reasonable odds to make a hard match of it—would benefit.

Honouring Harry Vardon. The professionals' competitive season concludes, so far as major tournaments are concerned, with the Dunlop-Metropolitan tournament at Wentworth next week. The field is composed of all the winners of the principal tournaments and championships of the year. It is, in fact, the "Champions' Championship." Apart from the handsome prize money and the honour, the event may decide the destiny of a new and valued trophy. It is the "Harry Vardon Memorial Trophy" of the Professional Golfers' Association, and consists of Mr. Hal Ludlow's statuette of the late Harry Vardon, cast in bronze. The holder of the perpetual trophy will receive a small replica. Every professional will want to win this most difficult trophy which will be awarded to the player with the best average score in most of the major tournaments during the season.

The BEST SPORTS ACTION PICTURES: The Illustrated **Sporting and Dramatic** *News; Every Friday.*

This England . . .

From Bury Hill, Sussex

THERE is a peace in Sussex that no "progress" can destroy—it is too deep, too old. Does a new bungalow raise an outcry—there was once an iron-foundry where its garden grows. And how slight the sins of a rural council, to that evil administration which led Cade's desperate peasants to rebel. Does the city invade—what of sacking Norman and raping Dane? These things must come and go—the good in this England stays to ripen. So the power of fifteen horses may sweep you over the hill, but you'll slake your thirst with the same grand ale your trudging forbears did—if you call for Worthington.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.

"IT'S like a board-room more than anything else," commented The Englishman. "Look at that table; and at those chairs. They're as solid as an Industrial debenture at home."

The Scotsman was examining the contents of a massive bookcase. "These Americans know how to collect literature," said he. "Here is plenty of rich food for their statistical gluttons."

"Per ton per mile per day per cent. per-haps," added The Irishman. "I would like to open this door and see——"

The door immediately opened, to admit the head of the firm of New York Stock Exchange brokers they had called to see. He greeted them with the cordial courtesy to which British visitors to America are to-day accustomed. After the preliminary apologies for intruding upon the time of a busy man—

"But I'm not that at present," he protested. "Far from it, unfortunately. You don't seem to be doing overtime in your Stock Exchange, either."

His pleasant smile revealed veins of gold that would, if transplanted, lead to a boom in the shares of certain mining companies.

"We are abnormally slack, and that's one of the reasons to which we are indebted for the pleasure of seeing you this morning."

The American bowed. "You have the gift of turning a misfortune into a compliment," he replied. "Have you ever been into our Stock Exchange?"

The Englishman had visited Wall Street long ago, before the Exchange had been so greatly modernised. "When you are free," he began, "we should very much like to go in."

"It's a poor time to do that, but I will take you gladly. You know from your own newspapers that our daily turnover is a light affair just now."

"You have knocked down the prices pretty badly," said The Scotsman. "People on our side have been wondering what it's all about."

"Politics," The Broker answered. "Politics, pure and simple. I know that you British people say American politics are neither pure nor simple, but what with Japan and China; our own President and strike threats; rising expenses and our margin restrictions——"

"You call all those things political?"

"They come under the same old hat, and most of them are political-born. Have you been helping yourself to some of our shares?"

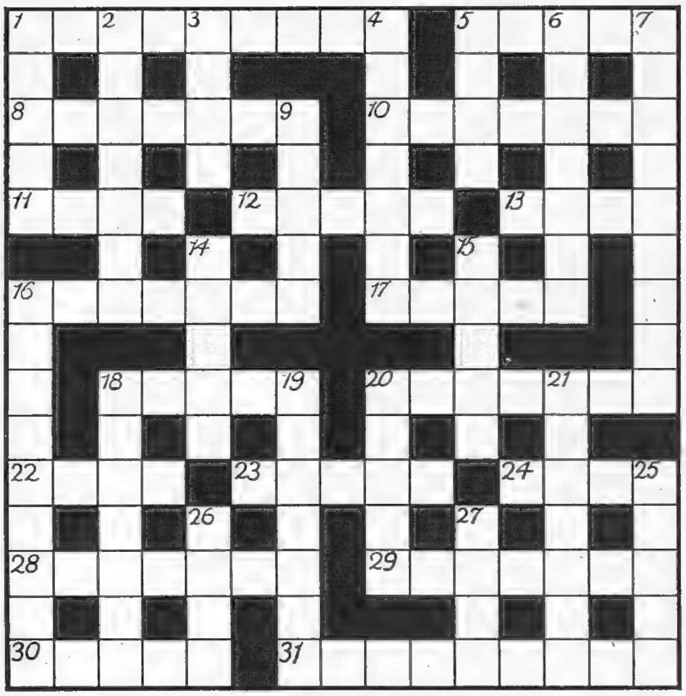
Two of his visitors confessed to having bought a few while in the ship.

"To amuse ourselves," The Scotsman cautiously explained.

"To pay our expenses"—The Irishman was more candid. "There is no great profit on them yet. Hardly enough to pay for the wishing of luck to our little flutter."

"You will be O.K. in a year's time," The Broker affirmed with confidence. "What we find is that our clients don't like the idea of having to wait so long as that. Your folks are better bulls when it comes to playing patience, I guess."

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. Unequivocal title to plumage (9).
5. Cyril gets confused and makes poetry (5).
8. The relentless flying-man makes a wry expression (7).
10. Evidently a football team with one man injured may be held (7).
11. Jewish month for the untidy eater (4).
12. Simple politician? (5).
13. Beak stroke or a quarter of a bushel (4).
16. Studious crocodiles? (7).
17. Raw metal amidships may be painful (5).
18. Blows on the feet (5).
20. This does not mean to talk like a child on the football field (7).
22. Attention. (4).
23. One girl in thousands is a married woman (5).
24. Weapon of social intercourse (4).
28. Careless freedom of the wireless towards midnight (7).
29. Hard stone, not an insect from the causeway (7).
30. "Cowards die many times before their deaths; The valiant never —— of death but once" ("Julius Cæsar") (5).
31. Vagabonds who smuggle precious stones? (9).

DOWN.

1. Follow mother for an arrogant expression of opinion (5).
2. Fish growing paler? (7).
3. To bring up in backward fashion (4).
4. Drum beats or skin marks (7).
5. 51? (4).
6. Footwear for careless draughtsmen (7).
7. It means that the king is unable to move (9).
9. Times have changed (5).
14. A five-and-a-half yards catch for the angler (5).
15. Wheat in wood (5).
16. Parade suggesting that spring is on the way (two words) (5 and 4).
18. Diocese maxims going up and down (hyphen) (7).
19. Not a measuring tool, however (7).
20. Work for players (5).
21. All bats get slightly altered to keep the boat steady (7).
25. Casks of beer for the marksman (5).
26. Where Yorkshire people are unemployed? (4).
27. A strong taste of seaweed (4).

"I can't say that about all of them, or ourselves either," The Englishman demurred. "We prefer to see our ninepences pretty nimble."

"Well, you will find our Financial District is all for the long-shot if you mean to operate on the bull-tack. But day-to-day markets are going to be jerky for a time and I just can't see my way at this moment."

"If I were to ask you to go either long or short for me in five hundred shares to-day," said The Irishman, "what would you do?"

"I would ask your permission to return the order, because I wouldn't like to have you risk losing your money for the sake of my making a brokerage when I can't see my way."

"If you decided to buy for me, I might decide to take up the shares, pay for them, and put them away."

"Don't you believe him," laughed The Scotsman. "Have you any special favourites?"

"Our Industrials I would place ahead of the Railroads as being less vulnerable to Labour troubles. I like Motors; or Steels; or Radio."

"The Motor market in London is one of the firmest there," said The Englishman. "Our people aren't buying a great deal of anything at present—or they weren't at the time I sailed——"

"They may be falling over themselves to take their places for the autumn boom by now," The Irishman suggested.

"If they are, I shall look for rises in Austins and Morris and Standards, and well-established things like that. Yes, please: we'd love to look at your Exchange when you are free."

The American led the way to a lift, which whizzed them up to the gallery-floor.

A very polite official asked them to sign their names in the visitors'-book; then handed them a coffee-coloured brochure, with full-page illustrations, giving an account of the aims and working of the New York Stock Exchange.

"The London Stock Exchange publishes a similar handbook, I believe?"

"Yes: it's larger than this. Sir Stephen Killik wrote it, you know. He's a member of the Stock Exchange Committee, and he was Lord Mayor of London two years ago. Have you seen the book? No? I'll send you a copy, if I may, when we get back. Oh, you mustn't thank me until it reaches you."

"He's got an awfu' memory," said The Scotsman, "especially when it comes to a client closing shares in the same account as he opened them. I once——"

The Englishman hustled him past two ladies who were leaning over the balcony and watching with close interest the lively scene below. The Broker told his visitors that he would have liked to take them on to the floor of the Exchange, but this he could not do on that particular day.

The Wall Street Stock Exchange differs in various ways from its mother in Throgmorton Street. In the London Stock Exchange there are no geographical distinctions between the markets: in New York, each active stock is listed upon a stand, or post, around which there clusters a crowd of members and clerks who have orders in the stock, or stocks, allocated to that special post.

The New York Stock Exchange member is harassed and hidebound by official regulations, imposed by the American Government at Washington, which press sorely upon his liberty of action. If proposed in London, such restrictions would be deemed destructive to the freedom of the Stock Exchange markets, and their lawful occasions of business.

[Continued on page VIII.

"I can tell
White Horse
blindfold!"

For once you can take the word 'distinctive' at its full and literal value. White Horse has a delicate aroma of its very own. It has its own mellowness and its own smoothness, its own concert of characteristics equal to those of a fine liqueur.

Screw cap flasks of convenient sizes on sale everywhere

MOTOR DICTA.

By H. E. SYMONS.

THE T.T., the full name of which is the "Royal Automobile Club's International Tourist Trophy Race," was a little disappointing this year. It was held in England for the first time since its inception, for the early races were held in the Isle of Man and the latter series in Northern Ireland. A fatal accident in last year's race created a sort of panic amongst the officialdom of Co. Down, and it was decided to refuse permission for the T.T. or any race to be run in the county in the future. Well, the County Down Trophy Race did not take place, and the T.T. came to Donington. The result is that much money that would normally have been spent in Ulster, and much of that in Co. Down, was spent elsewhere and the officials are beginning to realise how valuable the T.T. was to them. I heard from a friend of mine, who is very much in the know, that Ulster is moving heaven and

In a Worcestershire setting. The new AUSTIN "BIG SEVEN" *is an elegant small car with a surprising degree of comfort and roominess. Its four doors allow of easy access to the seating, and its easy-clean wheels and deep-domed wings enhance its distinctive appearance.*

earth to get the race back, but my own feeling is that the R.A.C. will henceforth hold the event annually in England, partly because of economy and partly because it simplifies organisation a lot.

The first T.T. race to be run in England lost much of its interest before the start because four of the five very fast Delahayes and E. R. Hall's Bentley did not run. With the exception of the Singers, which did nobly, the British entries were quite unable to cope with the Continental challenge, and we were treated to a battle between the 2-litre Frazer-Nash B.M.W.'s, made in Germany, and the 4-litre Darracqs, built in France. Now, before jumping to a hasty conclusion and crying that British sports cars are no good, let us consider whether the type of car represented by the Darracqs and Delahayes is what is wanted for general use. In my opinion, it is a great pity that four-seaters are no longer required in certain categories of cars entered for sports-car races. I would go further and suggest that four-seater bodies should be fitted to cars with engines of more than 1100 c.c. and that the backs of rear seats must not be further back than the forward part of the rear axle. This would ensure, at any rate, that a chassis with a sufficiently long wheel-base, carrying a proper touring body, would be used. I have nothing but praise for the manufacturers of the Frazer-Nash B.M.W., for they have achieved their success thanks entirely to clever design, in which surplus weight is eliminated. When will British car manufacturers study the weight question seriously? Ten years ago the 2-litre A.C. weighed only 16 cwt., just about the same as the present-day 2-litre B.M.W., but the modern 2-litre British car often weighs quite half a ton more than it should.

The new HILLMAN "FOURTEEN" *is a sturdy car of moderate cost, built to the ideal of the medium h.p. motorist. It has high performance and plenty of room for five. The engine is a smooth and powerful 13·9 h.p., four-cylinder "Triflex" cushion-mounted. Synchromesh is provided for all four gears, and Evenkeel independent front-wheel suspension is a feature which makes the car extremely comfortable over even the worst road-surface. The saloon is priced at the very moderate figure of £248.*

A NEW HILLMAN "FOURTEEN."

An entirely new British 2-litre car which is not unduly heavy is the Hillman "Fourteen" just introduced. True, it scales $26\frac{1}{2}$ cwt., but this is with a roomy five-seater saloon body, while the chassis has been made exceptionally sturdy in order to stand the buffeting which it will receive on rough roads abroad. As a result, the 13·9 h.p. four-cylinder engine is sufficiently powerful for an excellent performance to be provided, and during a short run which I had in a brand-new Hillman "Fourteen" the speedometer recorded 68 m.p.h. when all-out. Top-gear acceleration, too, is quite remarkable, and I formed the opinion that here was a car for the motorist of moderate means who wished for the maximum amount of comfort yet did not expect to have to change gear frequently.

The new Hillman "Fourteen" is one of the first low-priced cars to have independent springing, the well-known Evenkeel system being adopted on account of the excellent service it has given for many years on the Hillman "Hawk" and various Humber models. The result is that the car rides smoothly over appalling roads, although the road-holding is excellent and there is no rolling on corners or unsteadiness when braking. Another good point is a gear-box which gives easy changing on all four speeds, thanks to an efficient synchromesh mechanism; no double-declutching, even when changing down to first gear, is therefore required. The indirect gears are very quiet, owing to the rigid design of the box itself and the exceptionally efficient and accurate method of cutting and finishing the gear wheels.

The engine is always kept at the ideal temperature, thanks to a thermostatic control, and there is also an automatic choke which enables an instant start to be made from cold, full power being available at the outset. The induction system gives really economical running, so that the fourteen-gallon tank gives a range of over 300 miles. The motorist who has no interest in chassis design will be especially attracted by the coachwork, which is thoroughly graceful and dignified, yet absolutely modern in design. The down-swept tail, together with the streamlined wings, reduces a petrol-wasting wind resistance, while providing ample room for five persons and a great deal of luggage. The lid of the luggage-locker lets down flat, to enable a trunk to be carried as well. The capacity of the locker, when closed, is such that two large suit-cases or several sets of golf clubs can be accommodated. The spare wheel goes into a separate recess below the luggage compartment. My advice to anybody looking out for a full-sized yet really economical car is to try the new Hillman before making up his mind; it would be difficult to find better value at £248.

The FLYING STANDARD "TEN" *provides comfortable and economical motoring for four people. Quality features include four-speed synchromesh gear-box, 12-volt electrical equipment, easy-jacking system, and flush-fitting sunshine roof. The maximum speed is 66 m.p.h.; the petrol consumption, 33 m.p.g. Price: normal saloon, £172 10s.; saloon de luxe, £182 10s.*

Wolseley's
"Fourth Dimension"

WHEN you have been attracted by the well-balanced lines of a Wolseley, its power and speed, the very intelligent way your comfort is attended to down to the smallest detail—there is still a "fourth dimension" inherent in every Wolseley, as definitely part of the car as its length, height and breadth. . . Lasting pride of ownership.

There is a distinction in Wolseley ownership that is as tacitly acknowledged as any other tell-tale evidence of your standing in life. And because your Wolseley is a motor car you can safely buy "to keep a little longer"—it will cost you no more, on this basis, than many other cheaper cars, which you might not be so keen, perhaps, to drive about in . . .

THE WOLSELEY RANGE.

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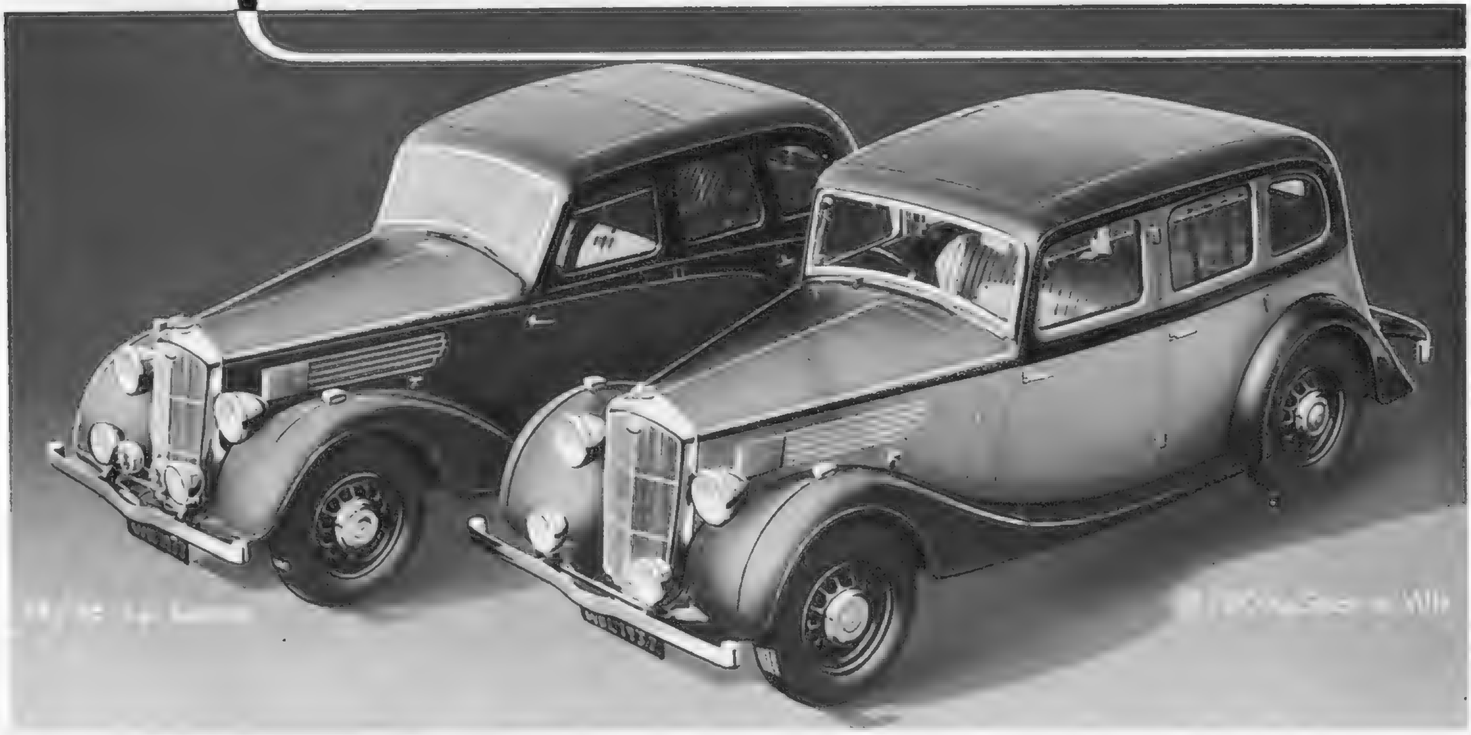

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BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCCXVI.

NO-TRUMPS.

HAVE you ever noticed how seldom a hand is played at a two no-trump contract? Except when it is a game bid, many players seem to think there is no such contract as two no-trumps; they feel in honour bound to raise to three no-trumps or bid three in a suit. That, I think, is a mistaken idea altogether; if a hand is only good for two no-trumps—and in some cases the values are stretched for that—why, leave it at two no-trumps! There is plenty of glory in scoring 70 below; certainly more than in losing 50 or 100 above. I am not trying to make out, when the bidding goes: A, one spade; B, one no-trump; A, two no-trumps, that B should not now bid three spades; then you give information—you tell your partner you have at least some "bits" and can support his spades. The final contract now rests with your partner; but if your first bid of one no-trump was rather on the dashing side—something in the nature of a "courtesy" bid—don't speak again. Innumerable hands are played at less than game bids in suits, but, as I say, rarely at no-trumps; it is another example of the mishandling of that bid. I said last week that some players are no-trump maniacs; the rest are no-trump cowards. (For instance, how many players will open the bidding on three bare aces?) There seems to be no middle course—all because a two no-trump contract is ignored.

Now, about these hands that should be bid in no-trumps instead of a suit. Here is what P. Hal Sims has to say in "Master Contract": "I heartily disagree with the rigid rule of bidding playable suits in preference to no-trumps at all times. Blind obedience to this rule has cost contract players tens of thousands of games and rubbers." I give two examples of hands on which the bidding should be opened with one no-trump; one with a very strong major suit, the other with a weak major suit—

(*a*) Spades—A, K, Kn, x, x.
Hearts—A, Kn.
Clubs—Q, 10, x.
Diamonds—K, Kn, x.

(*b*) Spades—A, Q, x.
Hearts—9, x, x, x, x.
Clubs—A, Kn.
Diamonds—K, Q, x.

The big idea, of course, in opening with one no-trump is that, should the hand eventually be *played* at no-trumps, the stronger hand should be the hidden hand, and the opening lead should be forced *up to* and *not through* that hand. To hand (*a*), Sims gives many different types of hands held by partner. In the case where partner passes, he says that as many tricks should be made in no-trumps as in spades. Should the response be two no-trumps, original bidder then bids three spades, and if the response is two diamonds, two spades are bid, and so on. He gives one very interesting hand to partner—

Spades—x, x.
Hearts—K, 10, x, x.
Clubs—A, Kn, x, x.
Diamonds—x, x, x.

and points out that, should that player become declarer at no-trumps, the contract would be defeated by an unlucky distribution of the diamonds and clubs; if, however, original bidder plays the hand at three no-trumps, the contract is fool-proof. With the (*b*) hand, if partner takes out in any suit other than spades, hearts are bid; and, listen: "While the hand has great possibilities in the heart declaration, the no-trump should be shown first, because (1) if no-trumps is the final declaration, the opening lead should come up to the tenace suits; and (2) the opening heart bid is more likely than not to give partner false information." There are many other examples given in "Master Contract," but these two are sufficient to show up the folly of "always" bidding a strong suit in preference to no-trumps.

This was last week's problem—

B: Spades—8, 7. Hearts—None. Clubs—Q, 10. Diamonds—A, 9.

Y: Spades—Kn, 5, 4. Hearts—None. Clubs—Kn, 9. Diamonds—3.

Z: Spades—K. Hearts—None. Clubs—8, 7. Diamonds—K, 7, 6.

A: Spades—A, 6. Hearts—K, 10, 9. Clubs—None. Diamonds—Q.

Spades are trumps. A to lead and make five tricks.

A leads the queen of diamonds, which B wins, and leads the Queen of clubs followed by the ten, which A ruffs with the six. The ace of spades is led, next a heart, and Y can make only one of his trumps.

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, SEPT. 8.

Across.—1. Span. 5. Stoic. 8. Rose. 12. Talent. 13. Leaven. 14. Ores. 15. Uvula. 16. Bard. 17. Posted. 18. Sables. 19. Deeps. 22. Seceded. 25. Riveted. 29. Edifice. 31. Pagan. 32. Fan. 33. Nonce. 34. Spitted. 37. Austere. 40. Essayed. 43. Users. 45. Opined. 47. Entrap. 50. Ride. 51. Eaten. 52. Lice. 53. Cretin. 54. Chests. 55. Seas. 56. Terse. 57. Rest.

Down.—1. Stop. 2. Parole. 3. Ales. 4. Nest. 5. Studded. 6. Ovule. 7. Classic. 8. Rabble. 9. Oval. 10. Serene. 11. Ends. 20. Edifies. 21. Printer. 22. Sepia. 23. Cages. 24. Dense. 26. Vends. 27. Tunny. 28. Dreads. 30. Fat. 35. Prudent. 36. Essence. 38. Umpire. 39. Tenets. 41. Antler. 42. Enacts. 44. Enter. 45. Orcs. 46. Idea. 48. Rise. 49. Pest.

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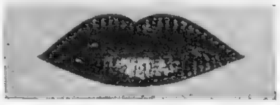

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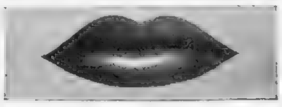

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

(Continued from Page 526.)

enter the arena in a blue funk, the mob jeers them on to acts of daring which all know to be suicidal, and the newspapers extort a rake-off by the methods of American gangsterism. Or so we gather from M. Peyré, who obviously knows all about it. His bull-ring is environed by the real world, and peopled by a whole army of subordinates, exploiters, and hangers-on. But if the subject had been less interesting, or his tone less authoritative, the Prix Goncourt would hardly have come his way: at least, I imagine not, for he seems a rather weak novelist.

More About the Art Theatre. Mr. Nemirovitch-Dantchenko, co-founder with Stanislavsky of the Moscow Art Theatre, now describes *his* share in the famous partnership. "My Life in the Russian Theatre" will be snatched at without prompting by every amateur, and outsiders will find in it a high degree of that charm which is peculiar to the intelligent Russian. It is a very pleasant book altogether; most interesting, perhaps, in its frequent glimpses of Chekhov, and certainly most thrilling on the "Seagull" première—an episode as dramatic as any drama. Gorky figures also, though we get less idea of him—and the aged Tolstoy, of whom the author has some amusing things to relate. For instance: on his first visit to the Grand Old Man, he asked permission to smoke. Tolstoy looked astonished, and said: "Haven't you read my pamphlet on the harmfulness of tobacco?" The guest had not, and was made to promise that he would correct this omission. When they met again, Tolstoy asked if he had left off tobacco. "I have read your pamphlet, Leo Nicolaevitch, but I am still smoking."—K. J.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Harvest Comedy. By Frank Swinnerton. (*Hutchinson; 8s. 6d.*)
Morning Tells the Day. By Barbara Goolden. (*Methuen; 7s. 6d.*)
A Matador Dies. By Joseph Peyré. (*Geoffrey Bles; 7s. 6d.*)
My Life in the Russian Theatre. By Vladimir Nemirovitch-Dantchenko. (*Geoffrey Bles; 18s*)

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"RICHARD II." (Queen's).—8.15.—Brilliantly played by John Gielgud, Peggy Ashcroft, and a first-rate cast.

"OLD MUSIC" (St. James's). 8.30.—Crimea and Crinoline-time brilliantly re-created. Celia Johnson, Greer Garson, Hugh Williams.

"VICTORIA REGINA" (Lyric). 8.30.—Perfect reproduction of the Victorian era, with Pamela Stanley. Perfect settings by Rex Whistler.

"BALALAIKA" (His Majesty's). 8.15.—Pre-war Russian gaiety; songs and dances.

"FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS" (Criterion). 8.40. — Laughter without limit.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"BONNET OVER THE WINDMILL" (New).—8.15.—Dodie Smith's newest. A well-acted play about young people.

"GERTIE MAUDE" (St. Martin's). 8.30. John van Druten's Conversation Piece of 1911. First-rate acting.

SHAKESPEAREAN SEASON (Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park). 8.15.

"THE GUSHER" (Princes). 8.15.—Another good Ian Hay melodrama of many scenes.

"A SPOT OF BOTHER" (Strand). 8.30.—Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in knockabout farce. Lots of laughter.

"THEY CAME BY NIGHT" (Globe). 8.30.—Another thriller by Barré Lyndon; with Owen Nares and Ursula Jeans.

"BLACK LIMELIGHT" (Duke of York's). 8.30.—Margaret Rawlings as wife and wanton, in the solution of a sensational murder.

"LONDON AFTER DARK" (Apollo). 8.30.—The further adventures of Marion Lorne, with a thrilling finish.

"TIME AND THE CONWAYS" (Duchess). 8.30.—A thoughtful evening with J. B. Priestley.

"GEORGE AND MARGARET" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—The lightest possible plot, but rich comedy.

"THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE" (Savoy). 8.30.—"Crime and Research" (!).

"BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON" (Comedy). 8.30.—Dorothy L. Sayers' Lord Peter Wimsey dramatised.

"CREST OF THE WAVE" (Drury Lane). 8.15.—Music, dance and spectacle; with Dorothy Dickson and Ivor Novello.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"A STAR IS BORN" (Tivoli).—Success and failure in Hollywood. A Technicolour picture starring Janet Gaynor and Fredric March.

"THE MASKED WOMAN" (Regal).—Bette Davis in a strong drama of New York night-life. (Till September 17).

"SOULS AT SEA" (Plaza).—Gary Cooper and George Raft in a thrilling drama of the sea.

"THE EDGE OF THE WORLD" (New Gallery).—Life, love and death on a remote Scottish island.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

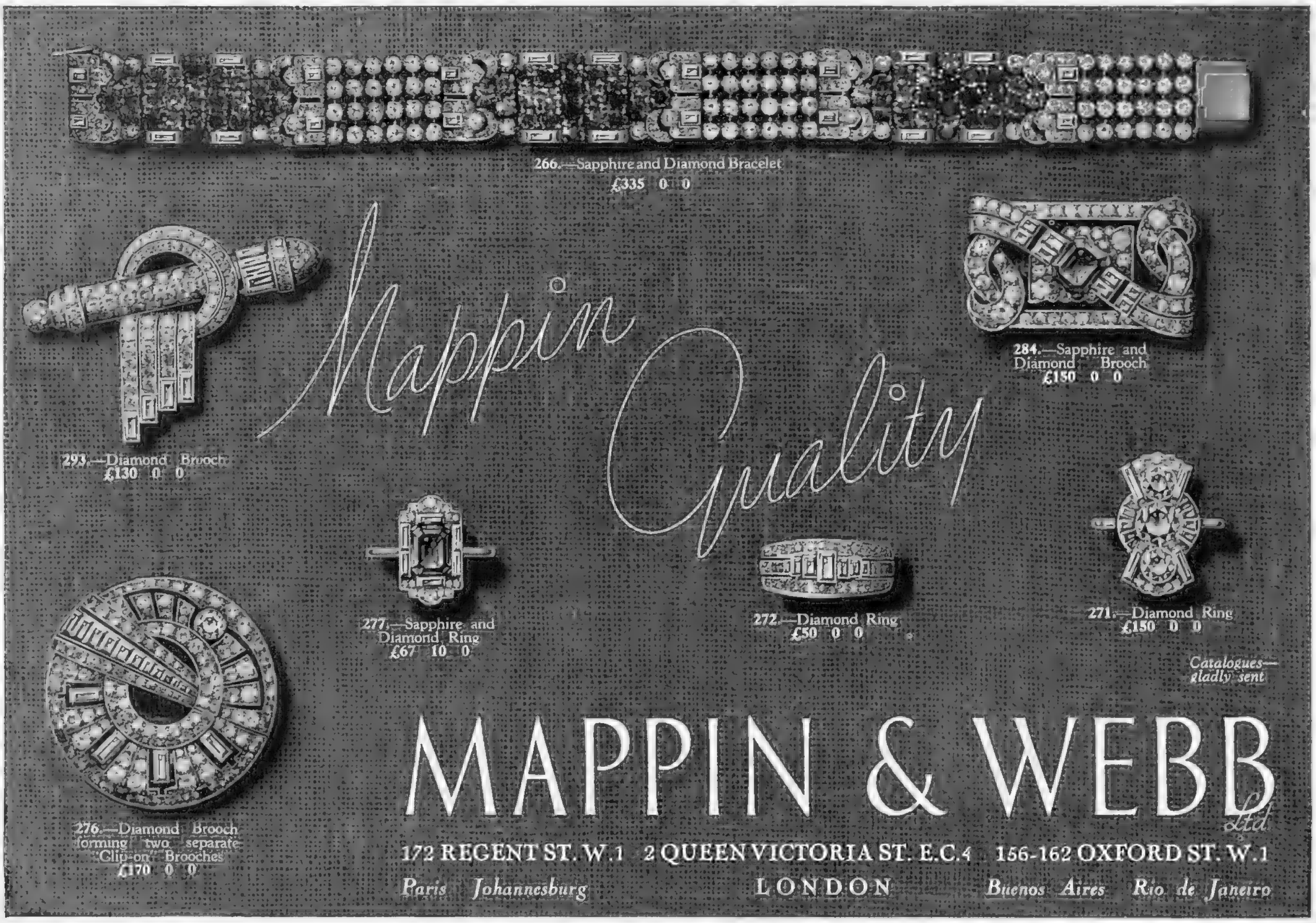
"ACTION FOR SLANDER" (London Pavilion).—Clive Brook and a distinguished company in a polished adaptation of Mary Borden's novel.

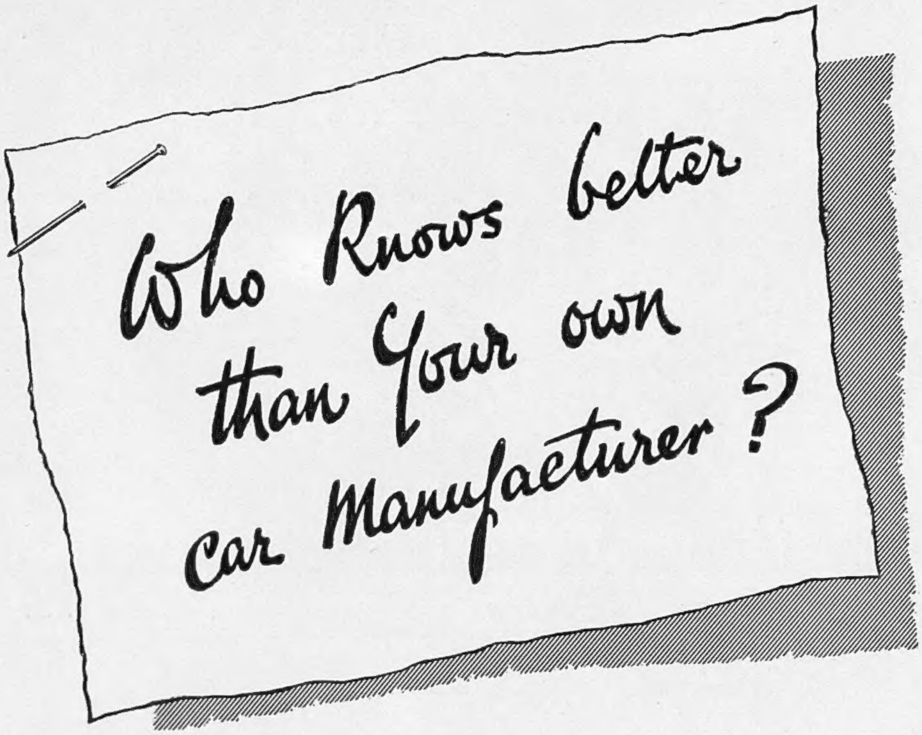
"A CASTLE IN FLANDERS" (Berkeley).—Modern German romance with music, starring Marta Eggerth.

"WAKE UP AND LIVE" (Gaumont, Haymarket).—A radio "musical" with an entertaining story.

"OVER SHE GOES" (Regal).—Stanley Lupino in the screen-version of a popular musical comedy. (September 17.)

While every endeavour is made to keep these lists up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur.





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CITY NOTES.

(*Continued from Page 536*)

The Broker drew the attention of his visitors to the system whereby every transaction is recorded by the ticker, and its subsequent public announcement to all and sundry. He showed them a few of the contractions used to denote the names of various shares.

A sudden crowd of men came with a rush along the floor beneath them, and surged towards the United States Steel Corporation post. The noise was not unlike a prolonged series of loud but surly growls.

It was succeeded by a second invasion of men, dashing to the same post with cries of what sounded like high-pitched whoopee, completely drowning the previous demonstration.

" And in to-night's paper "—The Broker raised his voice above the din—" you will read that a determined bear raid on Steels was met and foiled by an even more determined bull movement in the same shares."

The Irishman observed that it made him feel quite excited.

" You would feel still greater excitement if you happened to be the wrong way of the market," The Broker assured him. " And now, picture to yourself the hundreds of brokerage rooms, scattered all over the States, where thousands of men and women are sitting at this moment in semi-circles, watching these prices come through."

" We don't have that kind of thing in London," said The Englishman. " There are a few offices, I know, where your tape prices are shown in the manner you describe, but we don't make a hobby of it."

The Scotsman remarked that he had seen a room attached to a bank in Monte Carlo, where the quotations were exhibited to the bank's customers and their friends.

" American prices exclusively ? " asked The Wall Street Broker.

" Oh, no. All kinds of things. I suppose they must come from London : at any rate, until your Wall Street Stock Exchange opens up for business."

" Our opening hour of ten in the morning is your three o'clock in the afternoon."

" As well we know," The Englishman laughed. " Our Shorter's Court——"

" I know ; I know," The Broker nodded.

" Our Shorter's Court, at three o'clock in the afternoon, is no place for the aged and infirm. The Cable companies' boys dash about all over the place to the imminent peril of those who are not quick enough to get out of the way of the young Mercurys."

" Is it true," asked The Irishman, " that your people in America take an occasional hand in our mining markets ? "

The Broker was none too sure. " I haven't seen any of that kind of buying myself," said he, " but there may have been, for all that."

" Your people over here have plenty of money, and they believe in gold shares, eh ? "

" Our losses by speculation have been very heavy, you must recollect. I doubt whether our people have a great deal of capital to spare for gold-mining speculation. Do you believe yourself in gold shares as a sound speculation ? "

" The best ones are sound enough for people who are content to take good interest on their money, and——"

" Who don't fash themselves overmuch on the point of capital appreciation," The Scotsman added.

" We are at heart an insular nation," The Broker confessed. " Look at our newspapers and observe how small is the space they allot to foreign news. Listen to the talk you will overhear in the ' El.' and in what you call our Tubes——"

" I wonder you don't clean them up a bit," remarked The Scotsman. " Your trams in New York are worse than those in Calcutta."

" India has been on the map longer than America——"

Discussion arose about this, and the party adjourned to the Reading Room to find reference books for settlement of the point.

The Irishman, taking no interest in history prior to the Protectorate, lolled over the table that supported the weeklies.

" Hullo ! " he exclaimed. " Here 's *The Sketch* ! To think I 've come three thousand miles to escape the thing, and here I am confronted with it on the very day I come to see the New York Stock Exchange. By all the——"

He looked round for his two friends. They were talking, obviously oblivious to the near presence of *The Sketch*, to the American Broker.

" I think," said The Scotsman, " I will stick to our home Industrial shares. We may not get the same kick out of them, but, on the other hand, one does occasionally receive a few ha'pence. Thank you very much, Sir, for showing us how your members play to us in the Gallery."

The Broker expressed his gratification at having had this opportunity. " I 've often wished to see the London Stock Exchange at work, but of course there 's no chance of that ? " he added interrogatively. . . . " Will I let you know when I 'm next coming to London ? Sure thing I will ; sure thing indeed ! "

Friday, Sept. 10, 1937.

Don't speculate–

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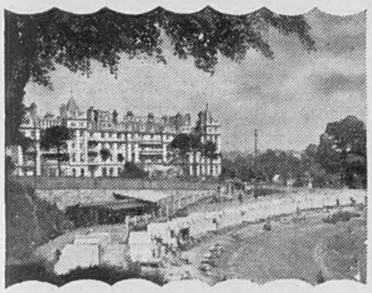

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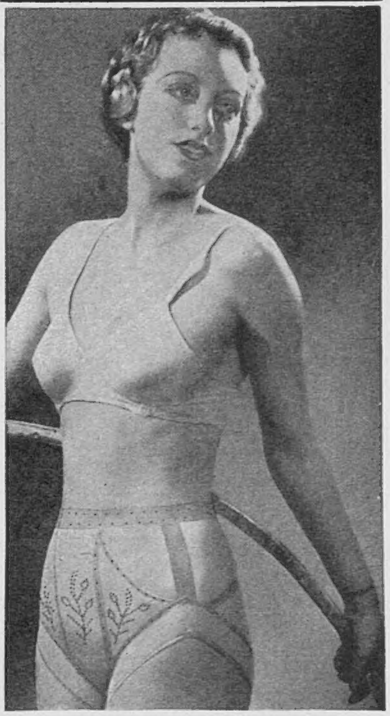

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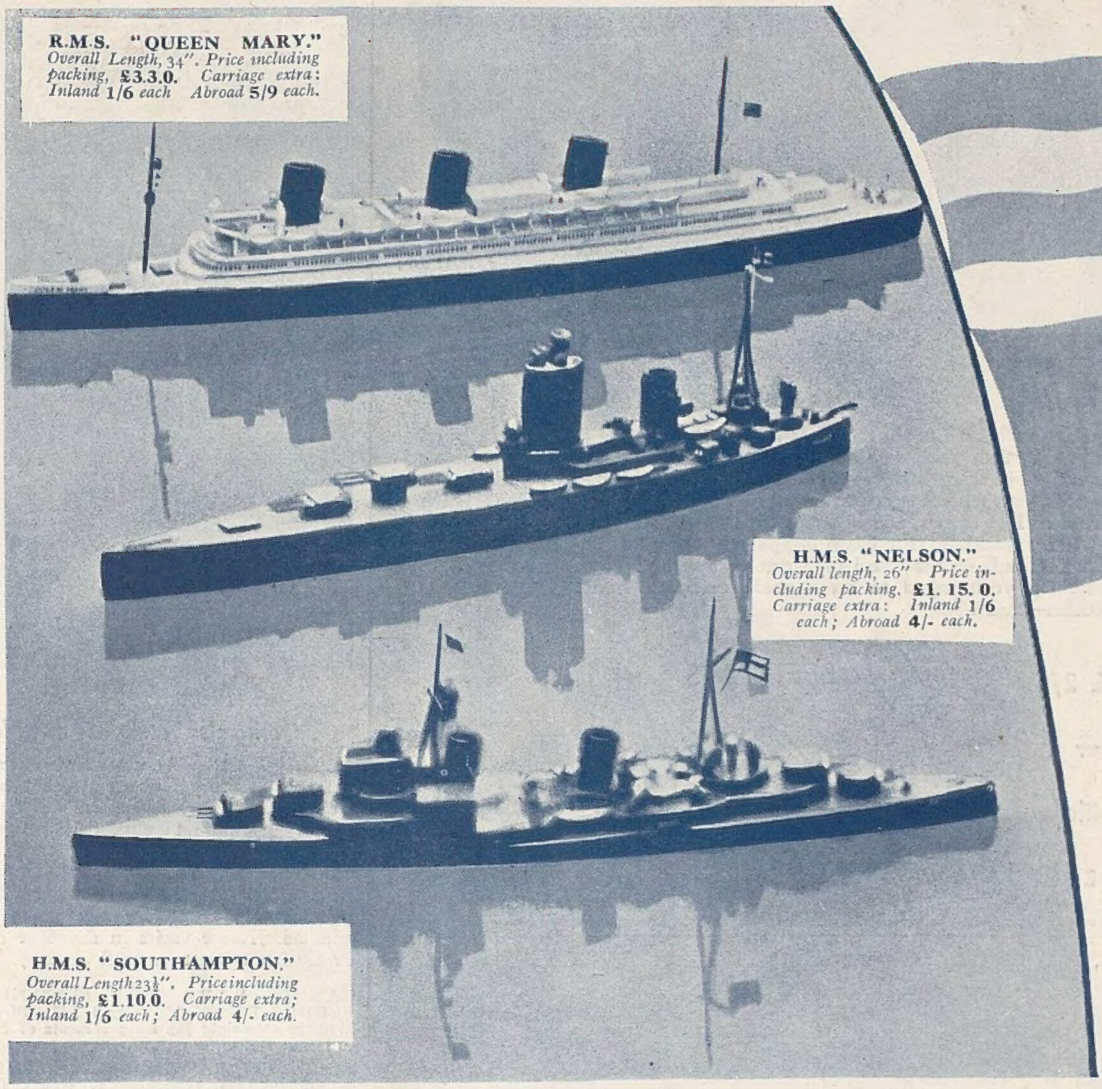

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